

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1093 JANUARY 1957

Retrospect, Prospect	SIR NORMAN ANGELL
Hungary	DR. C. A. MACARTNEY
French Prospects	W. L. MIDDLETON
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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RETROSPECT, PROSPECT

IT was not an uncommon story that he told. Many of us will have heard something similar this last two decades and been set to wondering thereby whether such stories will continue to be told in the coming years. "Everywhere on earth today," said the elderly Stateless Person, speaking with a tired bitterness "there rise the odours of intolerance, hate, violence, savagery, disintegration; the stench of dissolution and corruption." The outburst reflected his personal experience. A refugee for nearly forty years of his life having fled first from Russia into Germany, from Germany into Italy, from Italy into China, from China . . . finding only temporary sanctuary, compelled to "move on," not because of any political opinion he may have held, but because of those he did not hold; because he came from an Unreliable Social Class and was of disliked racial origin. "Frequently," he went on, "my life or freedom depended upon the possession of a bit of paper, my livelihood upon other bits of paper, which often I could not get because of laws enacted even in the 'liberal' democracies against the employment of foreigners." He made comparisons between past and present. "In my youth I could have gone nearly everywhere in the world without so much as a passport; workers of all kinds could and did go not merely in thousands but in millions into the emptier lands of the new world to make a new life. Even from Russia, Poland, the Eastern states of Europe as well as from China they went. Now the people of those old lands are prisoners of a double kind: locked in by bars round their own countries; locked out by bars round countries to which they would go. Russian, Pole, Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian who would emigrate is no longer an emigrant but an escaping prisoner, tracked through the snow or the marshes by armed men who will try to kill him for attempting to escape from the prison his country has become. And, even if he escapes it may be to find himself transported to a refugee camp to pass perhaps years rotting in idleness. And it has all come about in pursuit of the High Ideal, in the name of The Rights of Man, to be achieved by The Revolution of the People against the Capitalists and the Imperialists."

Of course an unbalanced outburst. But at a time of stocktaking we have perhaps an obligation to look as starkly and realistically as may be at whatever truth there may be in it; how far the facts it touches affect not merely the stateless person and the would-be emigrant but all of us, West and East alike; particularly how far the drift of these last few years is affecting the preservation of those values of Western civilisation we are supposed to prize so highly. Easy optimism and unqualified pessimism are about equally dangerous in this context. The navigator who says "There is no need to worry about reefs." when reefs are all around is likely to lose his ship. He will lose it even more surely if, when reefs having become too visible to be ignored, he is taken with panic, deems the situation hopeless, and gives the orders to take to the boats.

If what has actually happened this last ten years had been prophesied twenty years ago the prophecy would have been dismissed as sheer lunacy. For in ten years we have seen the all but complete disintegration of the British Empire, synchronising with an enormous expansion of the Russian Empire. As Britain and Holland relinquished their authority over some five hundred million Asians, Russia extended her real authority over an even

larger number in China at the same time pushing the actual frontiers of Moscow's power in Europe to include nearly a dozen states yesterday independent and relatively Westernised. Even more striking, perhaps, than the territorial has been was the moral expansion. Russia stands, or stood, for a "cause," a doctrine, a principle of politics and life, that has spread over the whole earth with a rapidity unequalled by any religious creed of history. Today Russia has missionaries, disciples, agents, active in every country of the world; in some cases a mainly underground movement, but in several, as in France and Italy, represented by powerful political parties with large representation in their parliaments. In Britain the power of the new creed is exercised mainly through extremely powerful Trade Unions.

If there is such a thing as a "Western" cause or creed or culture it has no means of preselytisation comparable to that possessed by Moscow. Indeed the West is deeply divided as to the principles of its own political or social creed as witness the constant differences arising even between Britain and the United States despite common language and, it has usually been assumed, common cultural background. How deep these differences can be was lately revealed in the discussion of the Suez-Egyptian issues and the fact that in the United Nations the two countries voted on opposite sides in that matter. The same deep differences were revealed in the later phases of the Second World War when Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt had to discuss strategy in relation to the position of Russian forces at the end of the war. In those discussions, as several witnesses (including the President's son Elliott who was present at many and wrote a book about it) have related, Franklin Roosevelt bluntly stated his view that the post-war world would have more to fear from the growth of British than of Russian power; that Britain was imperialist and Russia was not, and that for this reason it was Britain not Russia who stood in the way of the expansion of human freedom.

This makes strange reading today, but it ought not to astonish us. For President Roosevelt was merely giving expression to the American legend, folklore, which has dominated America's attitude to the old world for more than a century. It is the form which American nationalism has taken, and nationalism, far from being peculiar to the United States, is now world wide. It is one of the gifts which the West has made to the East, and when mobs of students in Singapore or Cairo shout for national independence and freedom, they do so in slogans taken straight from the literature of Western liberalism. And though Moscow is in fact the enemy of national independence and freedom and exercises an imperialism as ruthless as any in history, its demagogic skill enables it to use the slogans and exploit the vague and confused emotions which they excite.

If we would understand the forces which are moving today in the Middle East, the Far East, in Asia and Africa we would do well to examine this phenomenon of nationalism in the light of some of the events of which that emotion has been the main explanation this last fifty or sixty years. When in 1895 President Cleveland in what he called "a twenty inch gun note" accused Britain of designs upon the territory of Venezuela, thereby infringing the Monroe Doctrine, and later announced that the United States ("practically sovereign on this continent") would send a commission to Venezuela to determine the true boundary and would then "resist by every means in its power" any infringement of the boundary so drawn, the whole country

blazed into a nationalist passion demanding war. It was helped by the fortuitous circumstance that the chain of popular newspapers stretching across the continent was in the hands of Irishmen. They set up a sort of chant, echoed by Congressmen and Senators, that the wrongs which America suffered at the hands of Britain had become intolerable and that they must be "ended once for all" by a "final" war.

A young Englishman living in the United States at that time went about asking his American friends, "What are these grievous wrongs? Tell me one." Nobody could tell him even one. But the fact that no one knew what the wrongs were did not, so far as he could see, diminish in the slightest degree the deeply sincere, blazing passion excited all around him by those imaginary evils. He wrote at the time: "We are now witnessing the strange spectacle of a whole people moved by sheer hallucination in a matter of life and death policy." He regarded the manifestation as something peculiarly American. But, having adopted journalism as a profession, he was sent to Paris to report on the Dreyfus affair. In Paris, as he listened to the speeches of chauvinist deputies in the Chamber telling of the "Syndicate of Treason organised by Britain with the help of the Jews for the purpose of undermining the discipline of the French army" the feeling came over him: "this is just the American Congressman done into French." And then, when later he had occasion to listen to the British speeches which preceded the Boer war, he was driven to certain conclusions concerning the operative forces in international politics. He wrote: "Here are the three great liberal democracies of the world, the United States, France and Britain, all dominated in the framing of their major policies by emotions based largely on fantasy, hallucination. If that can happen in the 'mature' democracies, what is likely to happen as the new nations, less mature, come into being and assert their power. Unless a larger element of rationalism and realism can be introduced into the mass mind, it is doubtful indeed whether the West can preserve its democracy or check a drift to appalling disaster." That forecast was made in a book which appeared in 1903 entitled *Patriotism Under Three Flags: A Plea for Rationalism in Politics*. It sold three hundred copies and had not the slightest effect on the public attitudes.

Turn now to the Middle East of 1957. The Arab states need, for the welfare of their people, the revenues derived from the sale of their oil certainly as much as the West needs the oil. Both are vital interests and both have succumbed to the indulgence of nationalist emotion. Well, it is too often retorted, that is the way men feel; that is human nature. To which the reply is somewhat obvious. Human nature gave us those wars of religion between the Christian sects in the seventeenth century which reduced so much of Western Europe to a desert. Had the combatants possessed the H. Bomb the whole population of Europe would probably have been extinguished. Which means that emotional orgies we could once afford in the sense of surviving we can afford no more. But the one fact which should concern us most about the wars of religion is that, in the West at least, they have come to an end. By what means? It would seem that, after all, human nature is not as unchangeable as all that. Obviously ideas, culture, nurture, have something to do with its manifestations. How that truth can be applied to the nuclear age of 1957 is doubtless a long, long story. But this can be said: Our education so far has been of a kind which obviously does not equip the

millions which it turns out to understand the nature of the society which as voters they are called upon to manage. To recognise where we fail is the first step to remedying the failure.

NORMAN ANGELL

HUNGARY

ON the day on which these lines are written, December 10, 1956, nearly seven weeks have passed since the first shots were fired in Budapest which turned a political demonstration into the opening engagement of a national uprising; over five weeks since the Soviets brought up the reinforcements which, by all human calculation, should have ended the fighting unless help came through the United Nations. Since that day the United Nations have done nothing more than respectfully request the puppet Hungarian Minister, President Kádár, for permission to send "observers," and pocket his insolently worded snubs. Yet the Hungarian people have utterly refused to surrender, and yesterday's news was that the undaunted Central Workers' Council, which has emerged as the real mouthpiece of the Hungarian people, was repeating unabated the demands made seven weeks ago by the original demonstrators for the withdrawal of the Soviet troops and the establishment of a government based on free elections and representative of the Hungarian people's own will, and had called another general strike in support of its demands. All indications are that this call will be obeyed as unanimously as its predecessors and the counter-orders issued by Kádár as unanimously disregarded.

Our days have not seen in any country the spectacle of a nation so completely united, so grimly and uncompromisingly determined to draw the last consequences rather than submit again to the conditions against which it had revolted, as Hungary has displayed in these weeks. From the human point of view it is the heroism with which these unarmed men and women have defied the overwhelming odds against them which dazzles the observers, but ultimately more significant is the character of the revolt. Nothing is more pitiable than the efforts of the Kádár "Government" to represent the rising as the work of "Fascists" and "counter-revolutionaries," inspired and helped from abroad. Where the young felt and acted as they have it is to be presumed that their parents' attitude towards the Soviet regime was not more friendly, but it was not the older generation which inspired the revolt or led the fighting. Inspiration and initiative came to an overwhelming extent from the students and the skilled, organised industrial workers. These two groups represent the same social class, for today's students are drawn almost solely from working-class or small peasant families; the sons and daughters of "bourgeois" families have since 1945 been systematically refused admission to the High Schools. The army officers and men who joined in the revolt—and nearly all the army seems to have done so—are of the same origin. Far from representing "counter-revolutionary" elements, these are the own children of the revolution, the very class which the regime had picked out and trained up to be the standard-bearers of its own ideas, indoctrinated almost from the cradle with the teachings of the revolution. Nor is it Admiral Horthy or the Archduke Otto whom they have been acclaiming as their leader, but M. Imre Nagy, a life-long Communist, a man who suffered prison under

Horthy, who spent many years in exile in the Soviet Union, and was actually one of the half-dozen men whom the Soviet armies brought with them to Debrecen at Christmas, 1944, to carry through the Sovietisation of Hungary.

Unlike the rest of the half-dozen, however—Rákosi, Gerö, Farkas, Révai, Vas—Nagy remained a Hungarian, or perhaps more likely, reverted to being one, under the influence of that mysteriously seductive Hungarian atmosphere which few whose roots are genuinely native to it can resist for long. Obviously, it was the sense that Nagy was after all a "good Hungarian" that made even those who in their hearts dislike all forms of Communism rally behind him when they saw him championing the national cause against the foreigner; just as, fifteen years earlier, Liberals and Socialists in fact (although they did not admit it in their communications with the outer world) and the cement which then bound all classes in Hungary together in a rare unity, rallied behind Horthy. For one of the chief factors in the rising has clearly been simple, old-fashioned national feeling; a revolt against a foreign rule which was backed by foreign troops and exercised through foreign agents. The fact that this rule was not only politically oppressive (the hatred felt against the A.V.O. men is quite extraordinarily bitter) but also made into an instrument for subjecting Hungary to a shameless economic exploitation undoubtedly sharpened the resentment against it, but even a benevolent foreign rule would have been hated. Clearly the reason why the Hungarians will have none of Kádár now is because they are convinced that, in spite of his alleged "national" past, he is only just such another foreign agent as Rákosi and Gerö.

Since national feeling is a phenomenon with which all modern historians are familiar, the Hungarian revolt brings in this respect nothing new to history. The fact that the revolt should have been led by those very classes which should have formed the regime's own Pretorian Guard is more remarkable. This is surely the first large-scale instance of what can hardly fail to become a recurring phenomenon in Socialised countries: the class war of the workers against the bureaucratic State which, after eliminating the capitalist exploiters of the workers, has quietly stepped into their place and, having more force behind it, outdone them in ruthlessness. Talking to refugees, the vast majority of them workers or students (for it was they who formed the great bulk of the first wave of emigration, when it became known that the Soviets were rounding up and deporting those who had taken part in the fighting or, from their ages and occupations, might be presumed *a priori* to have done so), I have heard voiced, again and again, the same resentment against the political and economic slavery imposed on them, and perhaps above all against the flood of lying propaganda with which it was accompanied. The contrast between the words and the practice has been so glaring that the attempted indoctrination has become a complete fiasco. These young men believe nothing at all of what authority tells them. Yet that was the class and age-group on which the Communists, despairing of the new generation and discounting the old, thought that they would be able to rely.

It is impossible to say what the future will bring. Today's news is that the call for a general strike has been answered by the proclamation of martial law. The Soviets are clearly in a dilemma. Almost certainly they do not want to make too open a display of naked force. During the fighting

the newly arrived troops, which contained a number of Asiatics, seem to have committed many atrocities, but this probably did not represent considered Soviet policy. Even if so-called "world opinion" means nothing to them, they clearly have to take into account, above all, opinion in the countries of the Near and Middle East which they are trying to win as clients. Their endeavours to keep the wretched Kádár as their dummy, instead of taking over the country themselves, their relative passivity in the face of the demonstrations, are evidence of their anxiety. On the other hand were they to give way now and grant demands which they have previously described as unacceptable, this would involve an obvious loss of prestige, and would probably lead to the presentation of similar demands by most if not all of the other satellites. If the Hungarians refuse to compromise, the Soviets will probably feel that they have no other course than apply quite ruthlessly the policy of the mailed fist. Numerically, the Soviets are something like ten to one; their superiority in arms and resources is far greater still. In a conflict with the Soviets putting out their full strength, Hungary must inevitably be defeated, to the accompaniment of losses even more severe than those already inflicted on her, appalling as these have been: she has already lost the flower of an entire generation, fallen in action, deported or driven into exile. Yet in the larger content the victory is already, and imperishably, Hungary's. Unarmed, unaided, the Hungarians have lit a candle which many years will not put out. They have torn away the screen of lies with which the Soviets and their puppets masked the true character of their rule over the satellites, exposing it for the ruthless and barbaric exploitation which it is. And they have shown the world the spectacle of a nation prepared to die for its freedom and its faith.

All Souls College, Oxford.

C. A. MACARTNEY

FRENCH PROSPECTS

THE two modest declarations with which, early in December, the British and French Governments brought their Suez military enterprise to an end were read as a provisional balance sheet of an unfortunate speculation. Up to that point a resistant official optimism still made itself heard. One Minister found grace in the subtle metaphysical formula that the affair was something between a half-success and a half-failure. There will long be controversy both about the origins of the enterprise and its effects, but for the general opinion the sudden cease-fire following on the warning messages of the Soviets outweighed all other considerations. Two notable critics, M. Paul Reynaud and M. Mendès-France, passed the severest judgments on the Anglo-French venture. Both credited the French Government with having wrongly speculated on the non-interference of the Soviets.

Vividly illuminated by the recent adventure the Middle East continues to present long-standing problems which the Suez episode did not create. Russian intervention, Colonel Nasser, and the rivalries of the Arab States did not date from the landings at Port Said. M. Mollet has tenaciously held to the view that the Anglo-French enterprise at any rate brought to the light of day the forces in play. It exposed also the lack of a harmonious Western policy in the Middle East. Suez has left the Atlantic Alliance

seriously injured. But from the French point of view the disharmony existed before the Suez military operation was decided upon. It was plainly visible at the London conference, where the French and British Governments, who started as prosecutors of Colonel Nasser, were gently manoeuvred by Mr. Dulles almost into the position of defendants. The conditions of co-ordination between the three chief Atlantic partners were such that the two most vitally interested in the matter at issue held only a subordinate power, while the third, untouched in any particular vital interest, was the predominant partner. The French, moreover, not only shared with Great Britain and the rest of Europe the concern about petrol supplies, but had in their minds all the problems of North Africa. Legally, the Suez operation put the French and British in the wrong before the United Nations Assembly, but the French could not readily reconcile themselves to being judged hardly for their action against Colonel Nasser whom, on their side, they could accuse of conniving at the shipping of arms to Algeria and of an unceasing vitriolic anti-French propaganda. M. Bidault, flamboyant out of office, proclaimed that U.N.O. was "dishonoured."

Lack of harmony within the Atlantic Alliance has long been visible in many questions concerning the attitude of the French towards their oversea territories. The rise of nationalisms in Africa is a positive fact which every country possessing colonies has to face. France has agreed to the independence of Tunisia and Morocco, has set up an autonomous regime in Togo, and is negotiating similar changes elsewhere. Such changes involve, not merely the innumerable difficulties of the transfer of power and administrative machinery in good order, but a proper consideration for long-established French interests, both State and private interests. It is inevitable that young nationalisms should look for help wherever they can find it. But the existence of a great power avowedly "anti-colonial" is a temptation, not only to genuine aspiring nationalisms, but to irresponsible agitators in North Africa. During the last ten years it has created difficulties for the French even in the application of liberal reforms. Even the suggestion so often made that America should offer her mediation to allies involved in disputes with their colonial territories may be taken by agitators as an invitation to provoke disputes. On various occasions French commentators have regarded the American attitude as officious interference. A serious political writer, M. Maurice Duverger, has recently given expression to a view which, however extreme, is worth noting as a symptom. "The United States," he says, "are in the way of substituting their influence for that of France and Great Britain in the under-developed countries of Asia and Africa. From the angle of general interest this transfer is perhaps good in so far as it prevents the U.S.S.R. from taking up the Franco-British heritage. . . From the angle of the national interest of France and England it is catastrophic."

These considerations give some measure of the task of restoring Atlantic unity. A principle of French foreign politics since the war, which has recently been reaffirmed by M. Mendès-France, has been that France should keep independent aims in world politics, but should seek to make them prevail by exerting her influence within the Atlantic alliance. When the present perturbations have subsided the principle will no doubt reassert itself, since there is no practical alternative. But it requires the com-

pensation that where a policy pursued by one partner is vital to itself it should stand a reasonable chance of being adopted as the policy of the Atlantic alliance as a whole. As for U.N.O., France has had such a share in the organization of international institutions from the earliest days of the League of Nations that a breach is hardly possible, though the French allegiance might be put to a severe strain if U.N.O. were to adopt too unconciliatory an attitude on Algeria. M. Reynaud probably expressed the deep opinion of the country when he said that to break away from the U.N.O. would be to "swim against the current of history."

How far the Algerian policy of the Government will be affected by the result of the Suez adventure is still in question. The rebellion is no longer military on any larger scale but a tantalizing police operation against terrorism. The Government has decided to start the effort of reconciliation with the Mussulman population by dissolving the existing general departmental councils and municipal councils. The municipal councils in the districts where the European and Mussulman populations were mixed have become particularly unpopular among the latter owing to the arbitrary over-representation of the Europeans. The decree of dissolution cannot be applied completely until the special delegations to replace the municipal councils are formed. These delegations are designed to include Mussulman members, whose willingness to participate remains to be shown. The measure is intended as a step towards elections on a new basis of racial equality.

The Suez episode has necessarily provoked the question whether the Mollet Government is likely to survive for long the failure of the project in which its responsibility was so deeply involved. It had, however, the support of a large Parliamentary majority for its action at the time, and no important group has changed over definitely from support to hostility. Lobbyists may be canvassing chances, but at the moment when the prestige of the Mollet Ministry was so clearly injured no alternative Ministerial combination was ready to take its place. The Mollet Government remained in fact protected by the circumstance that M. Mollet's own group, the Socialist, is necessary for any Government which may succeed it, on the general assumption that a Communist participation is impossible. The Government policy in Algeria has been attacked from within its own party by a minority which has grown but is not likely to become a majority. M. Mollet is head of his party and has command of the party machine. Any other group which took the direct responsibility of overthrowing the Government would therefore risk finding itself excluded from the new combination by the hostility of the Socialists.

Petrol rationing proved, as was expected, a confused business at the beginning, and a good deal of difficulty was caused to individuals and trades disadvantaged by the arrangements. The Minister of Industry declared that with the 70 per cent of the normal supplies available essential industries could be well served by a judicious distribution. But the economic effects to be feared have not yet all showed themselves. A marked diminution in motor traffic occurred as a result of the decree which prohibited the movement of a car from its own department (county) except to an immediately adjacent department, save in specially privileged cases.

Meanwhile the index figure of wholesale rose by two points to 143 in

November, an increase of 1.4 per cent. Railway tariffs for retail goods traffic have been increased, and the National Council of Employers has protested that while the State thus raises its own charges it maintains the price restrictions on private trades. The Council adds the significant comment that, if it were not for an increasing number of subsidies, tax exonerations and other measures applied to certain sections of trade to enable them to keep their prices down, there would be a serious increase in prices to the consumer. This charge is not unfounded, and the practice of subsidizing in order to maintain an appearance of price stability suggests an attempt, not simply to please the consumer, but to hide the inroads of inflation. Foreign trade, which showed an excess of imports over exports amounting to about £342 millions in the first ten months of the year, is another disquieting economic sign. The large increase in imports is partly due to industrial expansion which occasioned increased purchases of raw material abroad, but exports have fallen appreciably.

Vernon, Eure, France.

W. L. MIDDLETON

NEHRU

TO the average Englishman Nehru must appear a confusing and contradictory figure. On the one hand, leader of a great country within the Commonwealth; on the other, a chill neutralist for ever moralising on Western transgressions and ignoring his own. Even the better-informed, lacking something of the ignorance of the general reader if not the prejudice, suffer from the same unconscious distortion of views. The reason is clear. Through shortage of space serious newspapers must concentrate on the essential: and the essential, in British eyes, is what concerns Britain. Countries like India are therefore presented almost exclusively in their international aspect, that is to say in the interaction of their policies, however remotely, with our own. But this distortion is not simply one of national egoism, which, lamentable though it may seem is hard to do without; it is a distortion of the very basis of common understanding—in fact the wrong way of looking at things. Foreign policy is and ought to be an expression of the internal situation, and not the reverse.

Nowhere is this more obvious than India. What is the reason, we may ask, for Nehru's refusal to take sides in the cold war, for his enthusiasm for the principles of peace and coexistence, for his determination to hold on to Kashmir? As the latter indicates, it is no mere "spiritual" indifference to power or to politics: it is the realisation that India cannot afford to divert the least of her energies from the desperate problem of poverty and overpopulation. Kashmir is no exception to the rule. Its accession to India only confirms the principle for which Nehru has striven so long to achieve—that of the secular state. In other words, the principle that religion—and there are forty million Moslems in India—does not determine nationality. Unity of all classes, castes and communities is essential for economic progress: all must "pull together," in Nehru's phrase. For it is India, the welfare of India, that absorbs Nehru's attention. And if at times he develops a "General Motors" complex—what is good for Congress is good for India and what is good for India is good for Congress—it is understandable. Writing before the war in a British gaol he described his country in moving terms: "What is India like today?

A servile state, with its splendid strength caged up, hardly daring to breathe freely, governed by strangers from afar; her people poor beyond compare, short-lived and incapable of resisting disease and epidemic; illiteracy rampant; vast areas devoid of all sanitary or medical provision; unemployment on a prodigious scale . . ." And such, despite the British withdrawal, is largely the position today.

To understand Nehru, therefore, or Congress or India, one must forsake the illusory attractions of international politics; but before doing so entirely, it is worth pausing at one of his recent and characteristic asides on Goa: "How a bit of India can become Portugal is beyond me. I really do not know what to say . . . One can agree with a country or an individual in relation to facts, but suppose a person came to me and talked to me as if we were still in the fifteenth century? It does rather put one off. I have no answer to the fifteenth century. I have an answer to the twentieth century."

Such calmness and tolerance of approach to a problem that has angered most Indians almost to hysteria is typical of Nehru. It is not therefore surprising to learn that Nehru, despite his socialist convictions, had this to say of capitalism earlier this year: "I think that capitalism has done a great deal of good to the world, even though it involved suffering to many people. It is absurd to be always cursing capitalism, as to my mind this is completely wrong and it just confuses the issues. But capitalism and that type of society has had its day. . ." And on nationalisation "I do not believe in nationalisation as such because when you nationalise you have to pay compensation. I just do not see why we should waste our resources compensating unless something comes in our way and we have to change it." Such good sense and moderation extend even to his treatment of strike action, though the latter clearly offends against the cardinal concept of united action by all in the struggle for production. "I am not against strikes," he declared a few months ago, "although I do think that in the modern age it is a sign of extreme maladjustment for strikes and the like to occur. But there it is. I do not wish to deprive the workers of their ultimate weapon of strike till some better method is evolved to settle all their disputes."

Nehru often delights in provocative expression. In Dublin last July he proclaimed: "I said recently, I forget where (actually in London, three days before) 'I am a pagan,' and I rejoice in being a pagan. And a pagan's chief virtue is tolerance of opinion . . . I think that pagan outlook is, to that extent, (I am not extending it to the religious sphere), a very democratic outlook." He is hostile not so much to religion—he approves the ethical approach—as to the pretensions of religion. More than twenty years ago he wrote in his "Autobiography" that "the spectacle of what is called religion, or at any rate organised religion, in India and elsewhere has filled me with horror . . . Almost always it seems to stand for blind belief and reaction, dogma and bigotry, superstition and exploitation, and the preservation of vested interests." It is this unhappy contrast between theory and practice that Nehru so much deplores in India. "It is extraordinary," he wrote in a remarkable foreword to a book published earlier this year, "how our professions run far ahead of our practice. We talk of peace and non-violence and function in a different way. We talk of tolerance and construe it to mean our way of thinking only and are intolerant of other ways.

"Geography made India, in her long past, almost a closed country. Surrounded by the sea and the mighty Himalayas, it was not easy of entry . . . The fact that India was long a closed land gave it its peculiar character. We became as a race somewhat inbred. We developed some customs which are unknown and not understood in other parts of the world. Caste, in its innumerable forms, is a typical product of India. Untouchability, the objections to inter-dining, inter-marriage, etc., are unknown in any other countries. The result was a certain narrowness in our outlook. Indians, even to the present day, find it difficult to mix with others . . . Thus in India we developed at one and the same time the broadest tolerance and catholicity of thought and opinion, as well as the narrowest social forms of behaviour. This split-personality has pursued us and we struggle against it even today. We overlook and excuse our own failings and narrowness of custom and habit by references to the great thoughts we have inherited from our ancestors. But there is an essential conflict between the two, and so long as we do not resolve it, we shall continue to have this split personality."

The conflict periodically breaks out in scenes of violence in India, whether over linguistic frontiers, or over religious, social and economic differences. After one particularly violent and tragic episode by railway strikers last June, Nehru heatedly complained of the widespread abuse of high-sounding moral principles. He was weary, he said, of having the word "satyagraha" hurled at him: "Everybody in India is a satyagrahi, every stone thrower in India is a satyagrahi, every person who breaks the law is a satyagrahi, every person who breaks a head is a satyagrahi. It is most extraordinary the way words are misused and abused." Such are the obstacles to a united India. Yet unity is essential for progress. The Plan is there, many of the resources are available, but there must be the will to work them—that is Nehru's aim and the basis of all his policy. IGNOTUS

PEKING TAKES STOCK

WHILE the European Communist countries, including the USSR, are finding it increasingly difficult to cope with the situation created by Khrushchev's full-blooded denunciation of Stalin, the Chinese Communists, unperturbed by the anguished reappraisals forced upon their Western comrades, are steadily proceeding with the implementation of their policies. The 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was indeed a turning point for the USSR and her satellites. The eighth Congress of the Chinese Communists in September was merely a milestone on the road which led from the caves of Yen-an to the Heavenly Gate in Peking. This was the first which saw the Chinese Communist Party in complete control of the country, and the delegates reviewed the past with pride and faced the future with unanimous confidence. No one claimed that the brilliant future was already with them. On the contrary, it was repeatedly admitted that China remains an industrially underdeveloped country, and that not until 1967 will she reach a level of economic development even remotely approximating to her size and population. So far her industrial revolution is still in its infancy. Only the foundations of a heavy industry have been

created. One of the tasks of the Congress was to approve the draft directive for the second Five Year Plan (1958-1962), during which capital investments will be roughly double 1953-1957. According to Marxist doctrine the economy of a "socialist" state must rest securely on the twin bed of heavy industry and collectivised agriculture. Premier Chou En-lai was able to tell the Congress that over 90 per cent of all peasant households were now members of farming co-operatives. He left no doubt that complete collectivisation was merely a question of time, stressing, however, that persuasion should replace the more militant method of coercion used in the recent past. The second Five Year Plan provides for a 35 per cent increase in total agricultural production, but the Government will be unable to render adequate help to the farmers who will continue to rely largely on traditional methods of tilling their now collective soil.

The Chinese economy is developing along predictable lines and this was merely confirmed by the Congress. In view of the turmoil, which has been affecting the Communist movement since Stalin's death and particularly since Khrushchev's so-called secret speech at the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, the ideological possibilities of the Chinese Party Congress were intrinsically of greater interest to the outside world than stereotyped reports on economic affairs. Ever since the first tentative rumours of Stalin's fall from grace and of condemnations of one-man rule percolated from the Kremlin, the official reaction of the Chinese Communists remained inscrutably non-committal. Their reticence was caused not so much by love for Stalin as by their appreciation of Mao Tse-tung's position in their Party and country. The end of the Chinese Party Congress saw Mao as the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Party and as leading member of the Politburo and its Standing Committee.

At the Congress many a delegate trod the narrow path between condemnation of the personality cult and love for the leader with great care. The personality cult as such was deplored, but the criticism was confined to the lower reaches of the Party's leadership and Mao himself was quoted as the arch-opponent of the glorification of the individual. This did not prevent delegates from paying glowing tributes to him as the leader "to whom the Party owes many of its victories"—in the words of Teng Hsiao-ping, the Chief Secretary of the Central Committee. The Minister of Defence, Marshal Peng Teh-huai, said that in its victory over the Kuomintang the People's Liberation Army had been "guided by the ten great military principles outlined by Mao Tse-tung." Several speakers pointed out that Marxism does not exclude the role which outstanding individuals can play in the making of history but that this depends on social conditions at the time. In Teng Hsiao-ping's words "love for the leaders expresses love for the interests of the Party, the working class and the people, and has nothing in common with the deification of the individual." The existence of a vast security organisation and constant calls for vigilance show that something more than love is needed to keep Mao in power.

The class struggle in China is not yet over; in recent years it has exacted millions of victims, particularly in the countryside. Now, however, the Minister of Public Security was in a position to tell the Congress that "there is no chance of the counter-revolutionaries making a come-back." In

future, in accordance with the new thesis proclaimed by the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party to the effect that the class struggle does not become more acute as "socialism progresses," the Chinese Communists, too, say that they are ready to abandon coercion in favour of coexistence with the national bourgeoisie. Liu Shao-chi, who delivered the main political report to the Congress, described the national bourgeoisie as consisting of big, middle and small capitalists and bourgeois intellectuals. For the time being they are to be regarded as "allies" of the working class. Their abilities and expert knowledge are being used in the development of the country's economy. Naturally this is not regarded as a permanent arrangement by the Chinese Communists, who prefer to look upon it as an opportunity for the re-education of the bourgeoisie, leading to its ultimate elimination. In this process they hope to enrol the co-operation and assistance of non-Communist groups represented by so-called democratic parties.

Peking is obviously aware that its industrial programme can only succeed if it enjoys a certain degree of continuity. Shocks such as those administered to agriculture during the forcible collectivisation campaign would inflict heavy damage on developing industry. Ideological peace on the industrial front is not enough. For many years foreign aid will continue to be the *sine qua non* of industrial progress and this determines foreign policy to a considerable extent. Vice-Premier Chen Yi told the Congress that China's policy of peaceful coexistence applied to all countries, including the USA, but that friendship with the USSR and the People's Democracies of Eastern Europe was the corner-stone of her international relations. The ties linking Peking and Moscow owe as much to technical aid as to ideological affinities. In the absence of alternative sources of economic assistance China must necessarily adhere to the Soviet alliance, for the future of Communism in China and of the country's international standing is bound up with the implementation of the industrialisation programme.

China is a great power in her own right, and it is possible that she would welcome a diminution of her economic dependence on Moscow, particularly in view of recent events in Eastern Europe. Yet, apart from having to meet the overriding demands of industrialisation, the Chinese Communists also have to consider the position of their armed forces which are almost entirely dependent on Soviet equipment. At the Congress Marshal Peng Teh-huai disclaimed any intention of invading other countries, but that does not mean that China is prepared to do without the vast People's Liberation Army, which is gradually being brought up to modern standards, or that she has given up the idea of joining Formosa to the mainland again. What is called the liberation of Formosa is one of the prime short-term objects of Chinese foreign policy and the Communist's determination to find a solution to this problem was repeatedly affirmed at the Congress. Peaceful means were generally regarded as preferable, but it was made quite clear by Chu teh and others that all available methods would be used to take away Formosa from Chiang Kai-shek should the need arise. On the other hand, regardless of the general world situation and the present tensions disturbing the Communist empire in Europe, the Chinese Communists do not want war and are obviously not prepared to risk it for the sake of Formosa. Their plans need many years of "peaceful

coexistence" and Formosa is not a big enough prize to be worth the cost of an attempt at liberation.

Before Peking can embark on a truly independent policy China must build up a heavy industrial base of her own. Today the country is still backward, and indeed this was openly stated by Premier Chou En-lai at the Congress. But China is already taking her first steps for the exercise of her influence in the Far and Middle East. Through diplomatic and economic contacts, and particularly as a leading member of the Bandung group of powers, Peking is laying the foundations of that leadership which China's size, population and geographical position merit. Although not a member of the United Nations, her voice is being heard with increasing attention and respect in Delhi, Rangoon, Jakarta and even Tokyo. As an Asian country she has a greater claim to the loyalty of the so-called uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa than the USSR, and so far she has managed to avoid the many disastrous mistakes of Soviet foreign policy. The Congress confirmed that the Chinese brand of Marxism is less rigid than that which has been strangling the USSR and the East European People's Democracies. Both in the economic and ideological spheres the Chinese are showing an apt awareness of the need to placate the so-called bourgeoisie, at least for the time being, and to proceed carefully in the treatment of the national minorities, although in the final instance there is no reluctance to fall back on the ultimate sanction of superior force, as was shown in the case of Tibet. Regardless of present policies, which are more lenient than in the past, there is nothing to indicate that the ultimate aims of Mao and his comrades do not conform to the basic tenets of Communism. It remains to be seen whether the theory of Marx-Leninism, imported from the West, will withstand the influence of Chinese practise.

ANDREW HAVEN

A VISIT TO TITOLAND

AS my land of birth was Czechoslovakia, I went to Titoland predisposed to like everything about Yugoslavia, as I belong to the generation who looked upon the Yugoslav people as "our Slavic brothers." I left the land with curious impressions, mixtures of admiration for the common people, thorough disgust with the official and official agencies (and there is no single aspect of life which is not run directly or indirectly by the state—specifically the communist party), and the inability to understand why there is still so much of the Balkan heritage left in Yugoslavia, whose spokesmen (and I talked to Yugoslavs and foreign residents from humblest level to some in the communist party political bureau and Yugoslav cabinet) insisted that the dreary spectacles presented by the goods in the shop windows are the results of the miseries left by the war and the Russian exploitation. Nobody, officially, wants even to discuss the possibility that the system, the so-much extolled "socialistic heaven," can have something to do with it.

The lessons in what is Tito's communism one gets the moment the border is crossed. A few miles from Trieste we landed in a small God-forsaken place, Pivka, which, physically, was but a row of small houses, lined up alongside the railroad. It was raining cats and dogs. But the station canteen was busy, with policemen and soldiers drinking coffee and slivovitsa. It was rather uncomfortable waiting more than three hours for a train to Rijeka, for a soldier,

with a finger on a sub-machine gun, was eyeing us all the time. We tried to strike a friendly conversation with the captain of the guards, since Serbs can understand the Czech language. He was amicable enough. But when offered an American cigarette, he swiftly gave us a communist lesson. "No, no, American cigarette. Yugoslav cigarettes better. American cigarettes no good!"

The real lesson in the heritage of the Balkan mentality was given to us a day later, when we finally landed in Rijeka, where we had to start business with *Putnok*, the official travel agency of the government of Yugoslavia. We had prepaid all our travel arrangements through Putnok, since the tourist gets about 25 per cent more for his dollar in dinars when buying them abroad. In every major city of Yugoslavia we visited, with one exception, we had endless arguments over the Putnok arrangements. An example: The Putnok office gave us railroad tickets and reservations from Ljubljana to Graz (Austria). By a chance, we checked on these reservations, and were told after three hours of waiting that they were wrong, but the Putnok office issuing the tickets refused to exchange them for the proper tickets. We had to change our dollars and buy new tickets, and left Yugoslavia with the promise that we might get our money back for the original on application. This went on for six weeks. At the end of the journey my wife was just waiting to get sedatives for her nervous exhaustion, and prayed and prayed: "Please don't argue any more; let's just get out of the country!" I tried to be objective when going from place to place; but, on leaving the country, I reached the conclusion that the air of Yugoslavia is somewhat difficult to breathe for any one who wants to be a man and not a Party's robot. Yet Yugoslav communism has achieved some surprising successes. One's first impressions of these achievements (new buildings, some experimental schools, good airplane service) are very striking; then, after a time, one discovers little by little the concealed exertions and the half-suppressed fears that have been the price of that progress. The Yugoslavs talk loud, once in a while, but only when discoursing about non-political topics; when Tito or communism are mentioned their tone is reduced to whispers and their eyes start to rove around whether anybody is listening. One is never approached by a native, as in Spain or Italy, interested in our dress or cameras; in fact, we had the impression that we were "ignored on orders." Yet, when we asked direct questions, all classes of the natives were most responsive and friendly, and this applies to uniformed policemen.

So there is, vaguely, a general grey sadness in the air, intensified by a widespread climate of weary struggle for mere existence. There are glaring patches on the peasant costumes of the beggars who are not supposed to exist in the socialist country but do. The goods in the shop windows are always shoddy, and a jeweller's shop might feature only one item—an old American alarm clock in the window. Prices are high for everything, if when considered in terms of the exchanged dinars for American dollars—except opera tickets and slivovica brandy. (We paid about \$80 for the best seats in Split opera—and the performance could easily compare favourably in every aspect with any presentation of the Metropolitan Opera of New York). Only official automobiles can be seen, since even a second-hand car costs around \$15,000, a repaired typewriter brings in \$1,000.

Even so there is some laughter, especially among the peasants on market

days, or on the sidewalks in the nightly 6 p.m. promenade in which every little or big town participates, whether on Belgrade's tree-lined Marshal Tito Boulevard or on the muddy stress of Sarajevo. And there is enough laughter in the cafés attended by the Party big-wigs in Belgrade: one can tell them by having American Cadillacs or Buicks waiting outside these places with chauffeurs loafing around. These Party men are either working for the Party or head the bureaucratic machinery. To deal with a Yugoslav bureaucrat is a real lesson in fear, disappointments and frustration. Nobody belonging to this exclusive tribe, covering the whole country like a web, can escape its insistence and ability to penetrate all aspects of life, private or social. Nobody dares to make a decision of his own without consulting his superiors; since the top superiors are in Belgrade it is hopeless to wait for an answer, as we learned when dealing with that horrible tourist organisation Putnok. The Yugoslavs themselves characterise the problem by a proverb: "To whom can we complain about this or that? . . . Not even to Belgrade. Only to God!" This glaring problem is made even more complicated by the continuous changes in the directives, apparently originating on Kardelj's desk in Belgrade. This chief theoretician of the Communist regime has been aiming to prove to himself and the world that the Yugoslav leaders are the *real* heirs of Marxism-Leninism, while Stalin, in Tito's version, betrayed it. The results are both good as well as very, very bad. Split, for instance, suffered terribly from both the Nazi and Italian bombardment. The port has been rebuilt, most of it by "voluntary labour." But we saw a documentary article in *Slobodna Dalmacia* (October 27th, 1956), showing that in the old section of the old town there were 12 families in one apartment; that a rat had bitten a woman there who died; or that the tenants in the upper apartments had dug a hole in their floor to get rid of sewage and were getting rid of it by letting it run to the lower apartments.

Why is Kardelj to be blamed for all this? Because that is how the whole country is run. His policy at first drove the peasants into the cities, none of which have ever enough living quarters for everybody. Today, the policy is to drive them back to the farmland, but the peasants, once getting the taste of the city life, refuse to move again and more and more of their friends are moving in. It is the peasant, I was told, who, with his stubborn resistance, has defeated the promised socialist heaven. Before the war, Yugoslavia had produced enough food for itself and for some of its neighbours; today, were it not for America's help, the masses would be starving. For the peasant, pushed around and cursed by ever-changing socialist aims at reforms, tends to raise just enough for himself and his family. Kardelj represents the visionary and idealistic wing of the communist clique sitting on the top of the communist order. Roughly speaking, the social structure of the "new order" consists of three or four clearly defined levels: the ruling clique, the city masses, the peasantry, and possibly also beggars and unfortunates for whom even the social and health insurance is not enough.

Tito is the undisputed master. Every Yugoslav I have met acknowledges that, in spite of his personal vanity, he is more than a leader; he not only created the contemporary Yugoslavia (and the Yugoslav intellectuals proudly stress that he had outwitted Roosevelt, Churchill, as well as Stalin) but he is holding it together, particularly with his ability to do away with the pre-war disastrous conflicts between the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. He is affection-

ately compared to the late Francis Joseph whom every warring nationality liked. He is the only communist leader taking his wife to official functions and having her featured by his public relations men. I believe that the public affection for him is expressed by good-natured stories about him such as: A Belgrade gypsy famed for his off-the-cuff jokes was hired by Tito to entertain him, but in his sumptuous palace he told no jokes. Tito asked why. The Gypsy replied that he was overwhelmed with beauty, expensiveness and furnishings of the Palace. Tito rejoined: "You see this is what Socialism has done for me—and will some day do for you too." The Gypsy's quick answer was: "But I thought I was to be the man to tell the jokes!" Tito is surrounded by the executives of the Communist Party. Since Alexander Rankovic, Minister of Police, and the planner Edward Kardelj are usually noted as his successors, they are probably closest to him.

Below the Palace hierarchy come Ministers and other high communist executives, together with the Army and police officials. Since no individual can afford to own a car, the importance of the members of the ruling clique can be judged by the make of the automobiles and the sumptuousness of their private houses or apartments. The base of the social structure is provided by the city masses. The upper crust is formed by doctors and lawyers, the only professions allowed to have also private practice, and the vast number of state employees and bureaucrats; their importance is measured by the size and type of their brief-cases. The bigger and fatter the brief-case and the faster their bearer appears to run around with them in city streets, the more important are the men. Below them are the retired intellectuals, many of them below the age of 50, who usually supplement their meagre pensions with side line jobs. In a special category are the artists, theatre and motion picture actors, who enjoy special privileges and are honoured for their work, officially and unofficially. The middle or lower levels of this base are characterized by the new man with the communist imprint—dress, language, general style and way of life. The peasantry forms a class by itself, substantial, kind, persistent, and wearing down Tito's communism by the sheer tendency to resist everything communistic. Here and there can be seen the remains of the colourful peasant costumes in spite of the general poverty of the farmers especially during the years when Tito wanted to "collectivize" the farms. The experiment misfired. Lack of machinery among other things meant that life in the collectives was not better for those who had been induced to join, and when the government decided, after the break with Stalin, to permit farmers to go back to their farms the exodus was quick. Compared to the West the average Yugoslav dresses indifferently and all are on the shabby side. In general men and women prefer the protective uniformity, as if one dressed well one was treated almost like a reactionary, and young people consider dressing smartly to reveal bourgeois ideas.

Although most Yugoslavs talk frankly about the weaknesses of the regime and many resent the constant bureaucratic pressures and demands, the mass, as a unit, is moved by indoctrination. Everybody who wants to escape the accusation of being anti-patriotic or anti-Yugoslav must belong to the Socialist League. The regular payment of small fees and the participation in elections seem to be the only duties of the indifferent members. The dynamics of the whole system is the Party itself, which directs everything through recently "decentralized" state activities. It is the state at the street corner.

It is government in the hands of the simple citizen, penetrating the depths of the population and entering the home at any and all times, for it busies itself with everything. It also informs the police the moment a stranger to the area comes or might pause there. "Study" sessions, meetings for "self-criticism," "conferences," are always on schedule; patiently the ant-heap spreads its orders disguised as advice and "whispers" to the multitude of ants what it wants them to want. "Voluntary" is one of the master words of the regime. Generally it is enough that on the invitation of the state the group itself should show the desire to supply "voluntary" supporters.

The papers and the radio are the main means of mass indoctrination. Foreign periodicals (*New York Times* especially) are freely circulated and can be obtained at coffee-houses in the larger cities, but the masses read *Borba* and the variations of this official paper. The radio supplements the paper and the school, with the village cultural centres also attuned to the whole process. The radio is only used to supplement, since the unit is expensive and repair parts not always available, but public broadcasts are used to pound at the masses on special occasions. There is no television. Yet the state has been wise enough to leave several other means of communications fairly unhampered. Translations of American authors (Bromfield, Jack London), including detective stories, are displayed in bookstores. Most popular music (and the art of piano-playing is nearly gone since there is not enough space in the available apartments for the old-fashioned large pianos and no new ones can be bought) comes from America. Above all, the churches remain open. The Catholic churches during the Easter holidays were crowded, mostly with old women and some younger men, but with no youngsters or teen-agers in evidence. All Yugoslav life is in a state of zig-zagging transition, with Tito serving as the hub. Maybe the present difficulties are mostly due to the terrible sacrifices during World War II and the squeeze when Stalin tried to overthrow Tito. But it is also evident that the system has also invested too much in the industrialisation of the country and at the expense of the every day needs and desires of the population. Despite the beauty of the Dalmatian coast (which beats anything California and Florida or the Riviera have to offer), and the claims of the spokesmen for the socialist experiment, I would never choose it as my residence, as I could not stand an army of bureaucrats looking over my shoulder all the time and asking Belgrade about my daily problems.

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JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

SOME GREAT ENGLISH HISTORIANS. II.

DURING the eighteen-seventies the age of the amateurs melted into the age of the experts. Macaulay was dead and Carlyle had ceased to write.

Stubbs inaugurated the critical study of the Middle Ages, and Gardiner proved that the most controversial period of our national life could be described without fireworks. Henceforth no self-respecting scholar dared to write about great movements and great men in the propagandist spirit of which Froude was the last conspicuous representative. The advocate withdrew and the judge took his place on the bench.

While Gardiner devoted his life to a single century, Lecky ranged widely over the past. His early surveys of the growth of European Morals from

Augustus to Charlemagne and of the rise of the Spirit of Rationalism were among the earliest endeavours to broaden the conception of history by penetrating behind the curtain of events. Having won a European reputation by his studies in the evolution of ideas he turned to modern political history where he scored equal success. Froude had described the sixteenth century and Gardiner was at work on the seventeenth, but the eighteenth was still largely unfenced country. Earl Stanhope's large-scale narrative, conscientious and useful though it was, lacked breadth and colour and was purely political in scope. Lecky's ambition was to present a panorama of politics and institutions, social life, economic conditions and religious beliefs. He possessed something of Gardiner's capacity for sympathising with both sides in the fierce controversies, and his narrative of the American War of Independence was the first serious attempt from the British side to stand above the battle. Still more successful and far more detailed was the picture of Ireland, his native country, particularly of the Grattan Parliament, the rebellion of 1798 and the Union. Froude's recent volumes on the period had stirred him to anger, for the English historian applauded the policy and methods of repression. The Irish scholar retorted that the heavy hand of the British Government drove thousands into the rebel camp whom reasonable concessions would have kept loyal to the Crown. Though he believed that the rebellion of 1798 rendered the Union inevitable, he shares Grattan's indignation at the means by which it was achieved. Though he took the Unionist side in the Home Rule controversy, his last work, a mellow biography of Daniel O'Connell, revealed his abiding sympathy with the brand of Irish nationalism which respected the rights of property and was loyal to the British connection.

While Lecky was mainly concerned with the internal fortunes of the British Isles, Seeley's eyes turned to the continent and the colonies. In his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge in 1870 he defined history as the school of statesmanship. "Our University is and must be a school of politicians. Without a little knowledge of history no man can take a rational interest in politics, and no man can form a rational judgement about them without a good deal." That this was rarely recognised was due to the common error that history dealt with the remote past. It was to the modern world that he invited the attention of his students during the memorable twenty-five years of his professorship, and it was in the field of modern history that he found the theme of his three major works.

The earliest and the largest was the *Life and Times of Stein*, that is to say Germany and Prussia during the Napoleonic era. Detesting supermen in general and the "Coriscan ogre" in particular, Seeley embodies the struggle of the good and evil principle—national independence versus universal empire—in Stein and Napoleon. Though hero-worship was alien to his austere temperament he salutes the German statesman whose name is the symbol of resistance to aggression. His next work, *The Expansion of England*, claims a place in our political history no less than in the annals of scholarship, for it appeared at a time when Englishmen were becoming interested in their colonies and Empire. Our historians, he complained, had made too much of the parliamentary squabbles of the eighteenth century and had failed to perceive that our history was being made less in England than in America and Asia. The main endeavour from Louis XIV to Napoleon was for the possession of the glittering prize of the New World. Though the book was a

best-seller and became the bible of British Imperialists, Seeley himself never shared the full-blooded enthusiasm of Chamberlain and Kipling, Rhodes, Curzon and Milner. "Bigness is not necessarily greatness. If by remaining in the second rank of magnitude we can hold the first rank morally and intellectually, let us sacrifice mere material magnitude." The last ten years of his life were devoted to an illuminating survey of British foreign policy from Elizabeth to William III. He is the English Ranke, believing, like his master, that the destiny of a state depends less on its institutions than on its place in the world.

Lord Acton, his successor in the Cambridge Chair of Modern History, differed from him as widely as Carlyle from Macaulay. While Seeley was fascinated by the clash of empires, Acton's gaze was fixed on the evolution of moral and political ideas and ideals, above all the progress of liberty through the ages. Though his projected *History of Liberty* was never written, his convictions are embodied in his Cambridge courses on Modern History and the French Revolution, his pregnant essays and his correspondence. Ordered liberty, he taught, was the highest prize of mankind, and the only method of winning it and keeping it was to cut up power into little bits. "All power tends to corrupt," he declared in the most celebrated of his aphorisms, "and absolute power corrupts absolutely." No man, no class, no party, no country, no church, not even his own, was wise enough or unselfish enough to be entrusted with unlimited authority. He ranks with Locke and Jefferson, Humboldt, Mill and Croce among the oracles of the Liberal faith.

The stoutest barrier against tyranny of every kind in Acton's eyes was the ethical code embodied in the precepts of Christ. "I exhort you never to debase the moral currency," he exclaimed in his Inaugural Lecture in 1895 to which I listened, "but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." The greater the sinner, the greater the sin. That is why the Catholic scholar, by a curious paradox, deplored the lenient treatment of the worldly Renaissance Popes by Creighton, the cool-blooded Anglican divine. "Judge not according to the orthodox standard of a system, religious, philosophical, political, but according as things promote or fail to promote the delicacy, the integrity, the authority of conscience." The emancipation of conscience, he declared, has been the main content of modern history. His moral rigidity, which seemed excessive to many of his contemporaries and pupils, is better appreciated by our own generation which has witnessed soul-destroying tyrannies. Only now, half a century after his death, has he come into his own.

Despite his outspoken convictions, Acton desired that the *Cambridge Modern History* which he planned should be as objective as possible. "We shall avoid the needless utterance of opinion or service of a cause. Contributors will understand that our Waterloo must satisfy French and English, Germans and Dutch alike." The first duty of every historian was to seek and tell the whole truth, without fear or favour. In the writing of history, no less than in the conduct of life, conscience must have the last word.

While Acton never published a book, Maitland poured forth a series of masterpieces. The most original of our institutional historians prepared himself for his task by practice of the law. His approach to the subject was explained in his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge. Legal documents, he

declared, were our best and often the only evidence for social and economic history, the state of morality and the practice of religion. That law must be studied as part of the national life no one was more convinced than Stubbs, but Maitland went beyond him. The history of law, he declared, must also be the history of ideas. "What men have done and said, above all what they have thought, that is history." Historians of law had fixed their attention on the working of institutions and had largely ignored the conceptions they embodied. His insight into the mind of our medieval legists won him a place in the front rank of European scholars, and Pollard pronounced him our greatest historian.

The History of English Law brought the survey down to Edward I. The greater part of the two massive volumes analyses the laws of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the varieties of land tenure, the social classes, the different jurisdictions, contract, inheritance, marriage law, criminal law, procedure. All this is inevitably technical, but the introductory two hundred pages which summarise the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods can be read with pleasure by any intelligent student. Anglo-Saxon law is pronounced to be almost purely Germanic. If Celtic custom survived the Teutonic invasions it cannot be traced. Any Roman elements in the early Anglo-Saxon documents were ecclesiastical. Not till the Norman Conquest did they reach our shores, and our law was never overlaid by a wholesale importation as in Germany. Maitland followed up his major masterpiece by a series of monographs on Domesday Book, the origin of towns, the authority of Canon Law before the Reformation, and by his fruitful labours for the Selden Society of which he was the founder. He touched nothing which he did not adorn, and Liebermann, the eminent German editor of the Anglo-Saxon laws, exclaimed that he had turned dust into gold.

Though Acton was generally regarded as the most learned man of his time, his successor at Cambridge covered a far wider field. Bury was the only scholar who contributed—or could have contributed—to the Cambridge Ancient, Medieval and Modern Histories. Beginning his career as a classical scholar at Trinity College, Dublin, he embodied the results of a century of classical research in his histories of Greece and the Early Roman Empire, his still more important volumes on the Early Byzantine Empire, and his edition of Gibbon. He may be fairly described as the greatest scholar who has held the Cambridge Chair. His Inaugural Lecture revealed an attitude in sharp contrast to those of his predecessors. To Kingsley history was above all a sermon, to Seeley a political education, to Acton a school of morals, to Bury a science. Since erudition had been supplemented by scientific method, history had been enthroned among the sciences, but it was not for the historian to provide philosophical interpretations. Ranke's famous declaration—"I only wish to show how things were"—still held good. Philosophies of history from Bossuet to Hegel, Comte and Karl Marx, were all splendid failures. The part played by chance and individuals renders it impossible either to reduce the past to an orderly pattern or to foretell the future. History merely reconstructs the genetic process. *The Idea of Progress* discusses the doctrine which he describes as the animating and controlling idea of modern civilisation. It carries with it the elevating conception of our duty to posterity, but this consideration is irrelevant to its truth. The progress of humanity belongs to the same order of ideas as Providence or immortality, since it can

neither be proved nor disproved. Evolution is a purely neutral conception, compatible either with optimism or pessimism. Bury, like Voltaire, found the best hope for mankind in the increasing authority of reason, and his own rationalist ideology is set forth in his challenging little book *History of Freedom of Thought*.

George Trevelyan made his name by his surveys of England in the age of Wycliffe and in the seventeenth century, but it was the Garibaldi saga which revealed that the spirit of his great-uncle had returned to the world. Like Macaulay he believed that the principal task of the historian is to narrate. History, he declared in 1913 in *Clio, a Muse*, is a tale, not a science, and it should be written for the general reader, not for students alone. The historian is consumed with longing to know what really happened in that land of mystery which we call the past. He proceeded to carry out his programme in a series of works which won enduring popularity. His *History of England* was welcomed with the same acclamation as Green's *Short History of the English People* half a century before. His largest work, *England in the Age of Anne*, triumphantly accomplished the task which Macaulay had been prevented from attempting by his relatively early death and which he would scarcely have discharged with such serene impartiality. His *English Social History*, from Chaucer to our own time, forms a worthy pendant to his *History of England*. Further additions to our knowledge of English history were provided in the biographies of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, John Bright, and Edward Grey, the ardent lover of peace, who carried a reluctant but united British Commonwealth into the First World War.

The atmospheric change of which we become aware if we read Trevelyan's writings in the order of their appearance is admitted by himself in a recent lecture on *Bias in History*. His trilogy on Garibaldi, he confesses, reeked with bias. "I was moved to write them by practical sympathy with the passions of the Italian patriots of that period which I retrospectively shared. Even I can now see that I was not quite fair to the French or the Papalist or the Italian conservative point of view." Like all the finest scholars of our time he has learned with advancing years to stand above the battle. To understand and interpret the thoughts and actions of men there is no obligation to share their passions or beliefs. Differing from Bury, his predecessor in the Cambridge Chair, in many ways, he agrees with him that there is no clear pattern in the story of mankind. "As a great poem, an epic without beginning or end, I read history and never tire, but I can find in it no philosophy of history." That is also my conclusion.

While Trevelyan concentrated on English history, Arnold Toynbee has taken the world for his province. His Annual Survey for Chatham House established his reputation as one of the keenest observers of our time, but his academic reputation rests on the ten massive volumes entitled *A Study of History*, perhaps the most impressive achievement of British scholarship since Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Holdsworth's *History of English Law*. No living scholar has covered so much ground with such effortless mastery, and no one outside the ranks of professional orientalists knows so much about the generally neglected history of Asia. Spengler's *Decline of the West*, reflecting the pessimism generated by the First World War, aroused world-wide discussion by its attempt to understand what he calls the morphology of history. He found the key in multiple periodicity, a succession of completed

cycles which advance and recede like the tide. To this biological determinism Toynbee offers a ringing challenge. Agreeing with Spengler in envisaging world history as the record, not of states, centuries or continents but of civilisations, he rejects every kind of fatalism. Reviewing the rise and fall of a score of civilisations, he concludes that their capacity or incapacity to survive is due to concrete causes, not to any iron law. None of them has been fated to perish: the deciding factor is their response to the challenges presented by nature and man. For Spengler the future will be as the past, each experiment in turn passing through phases of spring, summer, autumn, winter. In Toynbee's eyes, on the contrary, modern man, with an ever-increasing store of memories and warnings to guide him, has a fair chance of averting the doom which has overtaken so many systems. That scholars and thinkers differ as widely in their forecasts as in their interpretations of the past is natural. How indeed could it be otherwise, since man is at once the most gifted, resourceful and unpredictable of animals? The only generalisation I permit myself at the close of a long life of study and reflection is enshrined in Pascal's words: *Les révolutions changent tout sauf le coeur humain.* G. P. GOOCH

THE SITUATION IN BURMA

COMMUNIST strategy is yet once more displayed in the aggressive attitude adopted by the Chinese Communist Government with regard to Burma where Chinese Communist troops have invaded the Eastern and Northern portions of the country. Barracks for the troops have been constructed and the troops are supplied by yak trains along the rough country roads leading from the Chinese Province of Yunnan, an important military base established during the civil war in Indo-China for the purpose of furnishing supplies for the Viet Minh forces. From Kunning the old Burma-China road, still practicable for wheeled traffic, runs across the Burmese frontier in the East direct to Lashio and is connected by tracks with all the tracks leading into the Wa States on the Eastern borders of Burma. It is credibly reported that the passes leading into Burma are strongly occupied by Chinese troops with gun positions commanding the low country westwards of the hills. Burma is thus one more of the countries in South-East Asia to fall within the aegis of the Soviet policy of absorption and follows directly the example of North Korea and Tibet. Russian Communist ideology must ever be dynamic—a merely static policy without aggression would die of inanition, and thus it is that the world can see the far-reaching tentacles of Russian Communism spreading farther and farther southwards in Asia over countries who are powerless to offer any form of effective resistance.

This violation of Burma's frontier by Chinese Communist troops is unmistakable evidence of the Chinese Government's awakening interest in Burma where the rich rice fields, hitherto largely undeveloped by the Burmese people, offer a vast field for systematic exploitation and an almost inexhaustible source of food supply. Chinese "immigrants" have been wandering into Burma for some years, but the Burmese Government seem fully aware of the danger that threatens them and many of these Chinese have been rounded up by Burmese Police and forced to return whence they came. Despite these measures of security, there is little reason to doubt that Communist agents from Yunnan are increasing their efforts in Burma. Communist literature

in ever increasing quantities is imported addressed to Burmese officials, villagers are given stirring talks about the greatness, prosperity and benevolence of the People's China, all of which is in strict conformity with the habitual Russian methods of a "softening up" process among the inhabitants of a country on which they may have ulterior designs. At the same time it is observed that both Russia and China are engaged in fierce competition for commercial superiority in the Burmese markets. Here the Chinese have a decided advantage in the marked improvement of the goods they have to offer and their evident efforts to please their customers. Food, sewing machines, and cloth are freely offered as gifts to the villagers while concerts and cinema shows are produced at many of the larger centres describing the development of Communist China.

The inauguration of a regular air service between China and Burma gives further proof of the great interest the Chinese are now displaying in the internal affairs of Burma. Every Wednesday a Russian Ilyushin plane touches down at Mandalay on its way from Kunming to Rangoon bringing Chinese passengers who apparently have adopted this means of travel in order to avoid passing through Hong Kong. Otherwise such a regular air service where there is little or no return flow of travellers seems hardly an economic proposition.

Whether Communism is making much headway among the simple Burmese peasants is unlikely. True, there are bands of Communist brigands roaming the country existing on loot from mines and villages. The Government report clashes with these brigands from time to time but appear to be totally incapable of dealing effectively with the scourge. Roads outside the towns are unsafe for travel without a large escort. It seems improbable that the Communists are supplied or even encouraged by Moscow or Peking, who appear to regard their activities with a certain degree of apprehension as doing little to further the cause of world Communism.

The military situation appears to have excited but little concern among the general public of the Burmese. Rangoon papers never mention it and one never hears anything about it in conversation. The situation is, however, serious enough and it is to be expected that the Burmese Government are fully alive to the dangers with which their country is threatened. It is admitted that "a serious situation exists," but the Government have refrained from giving any details of possible counter-measures for fear that any statements might antagonise the Chinese and so prejudice the outcome of political talks which may be impending between Rangoon and Peking. Most Burmese to whom the writer spoke during a visit to Burma seem to be convinced that the Chinese intend to take over permanently at least half of the Wa States, and he was told by persons who should know what they were talking about that the Chinese in Peking had issued maps showing this part of Burma as being included within the State of Yunnan, together with a large part of the Kachin States in the North of Burma. Late in August, 1955, it was reported from Rangoon that the Chinese had told the Burmese Government that China would be willing to withdraw her troops from the Wa States, but at the same time she demanded that Burmese troops should evacuate the Northern Kachin State. This may or may not be true, but it is exceedingly unlikely that the Burmese Government would give their assent to such a one-sided arrangement. Meanwhile Chinese troops have invaded Burma

from North and East. A force, estimated at several thousands has occupied the passes into the Wa States in the East and is engaged in building military roads for supply columns from Kunming. So far as is known, no serious clashes with the Burmese troops have taken place, possibly owing to the monsoon weather in which tracks and bridges have been washed away and no movement can occur until late in the autumn. The Burmese outposts in this region have been cut off and are supplied by air lift from Lashio.

In the North the Burmese occupy Myitkyina with an infantry brigade, with outposts watching the roads and tracks leading into Burma. According to an agreement between Britain and China, then under Chiang Kai Shek in 1941, the narrow strip of country between Wamaw, Walun and Toila was considered to be Burmese territory, and it is in this area that Chinese troops are entrenched. According to recent reports from Hong Kong, the Chinese troops in Yunnan close to the Burmese frontier have been heavily reinforced and now occupy about a thousand square miles of Burmese territory in the Wa States about a hundred miles East of Lashio. Burmese Brigade Headquarters at Myitkyina report that nearly five thousand Chinese troops are now within Burmese territory "giving all indications of a planned invasion" while about two thousand Chinese troops are dug in in ten places on the Eastern border, where they have built barracks and established gun positions. A battalion of the Burmese army has been sent to the North-Eastern frontier to keep watch on the operations of the Chinese. The Chinese Embassy at Rangoon is busily engaged in directing Communist propaganda among the Burmese and recently a Chinese Consulate has been established at Lashio, the only foreign mission so far in existence in that centre. It is unlikely that with her ill-armed and ill-trained divisions and her few planes, Burma would be capable of offering effective resistance to a large-scale invasion of the country.

H. E. CROCKER

THE PANORAMA OF HISTORY

HISTORY is in fashion but what good is it doing us? It certainly harms many people. It can exasperate a genuine student of art who wants to develop his own style, for it seems to proliferate his "elders and betters" throughout time. It can depress those who find it hard to face the problem of evil; this is more than sufficient to their day, without additional agony from the conglomerated folly and crime of five millennia. A third type of person is harmed in an opposite manner, by becoming addicted to a mental drug. He may indulge in the amours of Louis XV or in the problem of the Picts; it is all hallowed by the name of history and deadens the growing pain of trying to live in his own time.

There was an older view which received history as neither compelled poison nor desired drug but as an excellently sustaining food. This article hopes to revive and extend such a view. Others of course have been doing the same work, with the massive leadership of Dr. Toynbee. I would like also to revive the name of a half-forgotten scholar, Stanley Casson, whose warmly felt and firmly drawn perspective of earlier civilisations greatly helped me. Four years ago I needed this help at short notice, having undertaken to teach world history to art students. I was indeed bewildered at first until I managed to catch an image, simple but clear, of the whole

span of time. It was the image of a theatre, a very long prologue and a drama of three acts now moving into a fourth.

First I saw the millennia-long prologue, from first crude eolith, through old, middle and new stone ages. I used to be half frightened, half bored by pre-history, but now I began to share my own century's sympathy. "Je cherche le vide, et le noir, et le nu!" Baudelaire forestalled our present sense of sitting in an overcrowded room where the air has been breathed too long. There was also the Altamira bison to be enjoyed, that longest trunk call through time from the invigorating silent voice of a palaeolithic cave painter. So I saw and enjoyed the prologue, but I went on to enjoy the excitement of curtains opening on a first act. This is the act which though coming first has been written last. The digging, the decoding, the multiplying of new ologies has only happened in the last century and a half. On the point of quitting our own civilised house we have unearthed the title deeds of the very first tenants; we peer at them with an already nostalgic curiosity. The specialists will say that we do not yet know enough to generalise, but with a Sophoclean steadiness of observation something human and clear enough will emerge for us to applaud this first shot at a civilisation.

Consider first its map: the two foci of Egypt and Babylonia, the lesser Semitic states, Hittite Asia Minor, Crete. And away to the east there is a touchstone for our European concern, an inkling of a similar first shot in the Indus valley and still farther east on the banks of the Yellow River. This whole world has been archaeologically dissected, but Thebes, Babylon and Mohenjo Daro once knew all about each other and practised the latest things of life. Consider next its achievement under the three important words: action, thought, feeling. Every civilisation is a success story in action; its makers have to conquer both nature and man. Egypt may have been the gift of the Nile but fine will power went to construct the reservoir of Lake Moeris, while Babylonians had to fight still harder against the incontinence of their Euphrates. On the human level they both achieved security against disturbers from within and without. Around the crude nucleus of God-King, priest and noble there gathered a first fine quality of human society. People are apt to think that the Romans invented justice, but the code of Hammurabi comes earlier in the honours list and Professor Mallowan has recently opined that the Hittites can give even us a lesson in decent living.

In thought the achievement may seem least impressive. A recent book on the myths of Egypt and Babylon is entitled *Before Philosophy*. Plato's mind, free to move wherever the argument demands, had to wait for the second shot at a civilised life. But myth was the necessary first stage. It was something also to invent writing; the superbly functional Phœnician alphabet was only built after millennia of hieroglyph and cuneiform. The influence, moreover, of Chaldean astronomy upon Greek science, in turns exaggerated and minimised, still remains an influence.

And finally, feeling. Man's "true voice of feeling" can be recorded in the three media of word, note and visual sign; but first it is only the silent voice of architect, painter and sculptor which can be heard. This *lingua franca* of colour, line and shape, once learnt, rapidly opens up new communications. Today people are learning it and beginning to take it seriously.

after some five word-ridden centuries of conceptual bias. The artist's eye—which anyone can acquire if he wishes—will passport its holder into the monumental serenity of Old Kingdom sculpture, the skilled vigour of Babylonian seals, the vivacious modernity of a Cretan figurine.

This triple achievement in the first act is impressive, but an older disparagement has been succeeded by a present inclination to gush. We tend to employ far-off ages (planets likewise) as sticks to beat our decadence; but the whole play is the thing, with its thrusts from one act to another. This thrust can be felt most strongly in that whole complex of action, thought and feeling which is called religion. The variegated, amoral pantheon of nature-worship worked very well for a start, but we feel something of the first modern man in Akhenaten. We feel the pregnant stirring of monotheism when he moves his capital to El-Amarna and causes a temporary unemployment in priesthood.

The curtain went down around 1200 B.C. and it was especially Casson who helped me to establish the dark identity of that first fall, when records were destroyed on the widest scale, when Egypt and Sumer drew in their horns, and Crete was wiped off the map. And the curtain rose again, the scene having shifted from river to land-locked sea with its three geographical dynamos of Levantine coast, Greek and Italian peninsulas. The plot certainly thickened and has been as thickly recorded. So much so that we who properly belong to the third act cannot always extricate ourselves from the second. Changing the metaphor for a moment, it is that we, having been brought up in the nursery of Hebrew religion, Greek philosophy and Roman law, are still too much father and mother attached. We need more fully to lead our own lives, to applaud the brilliance of that millennium and a half from Homer to Augustine, but to recognise that it also had its day. Again the thrust was religious, changing from a too remotely abstract and legalistic theism into something much nearer the human skin. "Of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—ecclesiastical interpretation often obscures the shocking new note of intimacy but it comes to form the leitmotif of our own, the first romantic civilisation.

So the curtain went down a second time, that drop with which the Englishman is so familiar, for he tends to identify himself with the last centurion on Hadrian's wall. The new scene is ours, the Atlantic seaboard of those two countries which approximate to preceding twin foci, Egypt—Babylon, Greece—Rome. This Anglo-French nucleus and other such major facts will emerge if we only become resolute wood watchers, undistracted by all those trees in the ownership of specialist historians. It is better to forget the term "Middle Ages" and watch the new life (the real Renaissance) which burgeoned around A.D. 1000, which since has followed the millennial course of an oak tree in roughly equal periods of growth, flourish and decline. We shall then be better able to assess our own triple achievement. We shall know that we have done very well and that will be good for our present morale.

In action we have developed new patterns of communal order (Church, university, common law and jury) which have culminated in the first society seriously to call itself a parliamentary democracy and welfare state. Greek polis and Roman senate were fine advances on the society of pyramid and

ziggurat, but we have been struggling all our historical life against Aristotle's dictum that certain people are born to be slaves. Success seems to have come near the end. A Victorian servant girl was often called what she was, a slavey; today we hear of one fine lady after another who is doing all her own work.

It follows that in thought also we have far surpassed Greeks who kept their hands clean from banausic chores so that abstract science could never be reinforced by technology. Where Democritus merely speculated, the European scientist from Newton to Einstein has revolutionised his environment into a new human mastery over matter. Following close behind this revolution in natural science has come the first fully scientific investigation of collective man in time—history, and of individual man in the present—psychology. Together they form a corpus of human study comparable to the natural scientist's microcosm and macrocosm. Perhaps no one has yet begun to grasp its potential.

And finally to assess how we have developed the true voice of our own feelings. We start by looking, for while words and notes were still tuning up, Durham and Chartres reached their silent orchestral heights. Much earlier, the Celtic rhythms, asymmetric and curvilinear, had prepared the way. One small object, the Trawsfynydd tankard, with its beautiful handle, has been claimed as earliest surviving prototype for Gothic tracery. Concurrently with the gospels this new spiritual freedom of organic line arose, later to reach its apogee in what Dr. Pevsner calls the breath-taking height of Amiens. The Gothic builders possessed the freedom of first functionalists, branching out as they wished into machines to worship with. The geometric Parthenon, humane compared with Karnak, is in the Christian balance abstracted from any intimately human concern.

Alongside the architects, graphic artists developed the "bounding line and its infinite inflections and movements." With the same new abandon came the colourists. One day a good history of colour will be written to prove the new boldness of warmth in the first harmonies of illuminated manuscript, stained glass and mosaic as against the muted key of Pompeian frescos. But it is the oil painter's brush which tends to speak the last word for us in the six centuries of European adulthood from Giotto to Cézanne. These have been lucidly surveyed by Mr. Eric Newton who calls attention to the restless visual curiosity so characteristically different from the east. I want to stress also the spiritual analogue to this scientific exploration of light, namely the humanist penetration of man and, by Wordsworthian consonance, of the land. With a group of art students I once covered a large table with a chronological sequence of picture post cards. Certain big things at once stood out. The famous angel of Rheims was smiling the first full-bodied smile of history. The Avignon Pieta and two portraits by Rembrandt showed a tender and intense feel for humanity far beyond what any Egyptian or Greek had achieved. Likewise the great feeling landscapes of Ruysdael, Constable and Cézanne displayed a world which had been barred from the man-centred imagination of Athens.

It is easier to write like this on art than on literature with its many vernacular barriers. A one-volume perspective of European books as a whole would be invaluable. W. P. Ker might have written it, but good scholars now usually say they do not know enough. Perhaps they need to

be infected by the proud claim of Thomas Hobbs, that if he had read as many books as his friends he would know as little as they. The assiduous tree watcher certainly misses the interest of the whole wood. It is surely worth observing in a large way how our writers take hold of rhyme—a mere tavern triviality for the Romans—and make it swell in volume down the centuries A.D. As they pick up rhyme so they drop metre, or at any rate achieve independence from any rigid prosody. In words also the free-moving line of speech rhythm is infinitely inflected. No Eric Newton has yet surveyed the centuries from Dante to, say, Dostoevski, but even to call the senior roll—Rabelais, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Racine, Goethe, Tolstoy, with an ear cocked back to Sophocles and Virgil—even this will bring some understanding of our romantic civilisation. We shall know that the writers also have penetrated mandscape and landscape with a newly romantic intimacy and variety. Not just universal man against remote fate, but many individual men unfolding their organic and unpredictable paths. Richly subtle self-revelations from Augustine to Proust, the psychological play and novel writers like Dante, Shakespeare, Scott or Goethe who brilliantly fuse their comedy and tragedy—all this is something new which the devotee of older Mediterranean books often fails, in his prim crudition, to appreciate.

And finally, music. Egypt calls us in one voice, Greece in two but we can hear our own Europe in the full-bodied triplicity of word, paint and note. Greek music was a pleasant extra or seasoning of poetry. It produced no compeer for Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, as Shakespeare and Michelangelo can find pacers in a Sophocles or Pheidias. But early in our Dark Ages music asserted itself by what Cecil Gray has described as the intrinsicity and independence of Gregorian chant."

After the peak creativities of sixteenth-century art and seventeenth-century literature it provided as it were a third movement for our feeling voice, a stupendous finale in that florescence of genius from Bach to Brahms. To quote Gray once more, music is the "Christian and Romantic art per excellence, providing a better key than any other to the innermost spirit of the modern world." But we have mostly not yet shown the courage of our musical convictions. Perhaps a trace of the Greek limitation still inclines so many to regard music as a delectable relaxation, not to be compared with the serious business of words. Yet music is just another mode of meaning and Beethoven certainly knew he had something to say. Alert thinkers, moreover, are continuing to quote Pater's affirmation about all arts reaching out to a condition of music. In Gainsborough they salute the harmonist of colour, in Klee the melodist of line; in Eliot's "Four Quartets" they take the title seriously and sensuously, allowing the musical subjects to develop in freedom from any logical interruption. Looking back on this achievement of European art in all media and feeling something of its whole rich range should also help to stimulate Meredith's rapture of the forward-looking view. In our new way we can be as the twelfth-century *vagantes* who were moved by a twofold ardour of preserving the Latin classics and singing their own new songs.

It should now be possible to have some shrewd hunches about the fourth and global civilisation to come and the curtain preceding it. I would very briefly hazard as follows. The curtain began falling around 1760. That

bleak industrial upheaval plus three world-war revolutions are surely enough to constitute a Dark Age. At any rate it is worth while to identify the positive aspects of the big scene-shifting which has certainly started. Feeling the whole pulse of history, I look for something big, at least as big as the first Christianity which erupted out of Judaism, as did Judaism in its turn from the first amoral gods.

I have been sketching our historical life in its essential and positive aspects but there have also been the false pretensions—intellectual, moral and social. These are now being challenged by a new down-to-earth reality. Verlaine wrings the neck of rhetoric; Corbusier builds a machine to live with; Wittgenstein asserts that philosophers should no longer say anything about what they do not know. Freud and Jung, the two leading psychodynamicists, are both agreed in emphasising the groundwork of man's libidinous animality. In every direction a voice has been suggesting that we come off it. This alone may seem depressingly negative, but we should now know enough about dark ages not to be merely depressed. Winter precedes spring, and a major destruction can suggest a *vita nuova* to come of an equal size. Some are indeed beginning to suspect that there is so much more in man than they had supposed. As Sir Thomas Browne put it: "We carry within us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us." And there is that surmise which Tchekhov slipped into a letter that "the flair of an artist is sometimes worth the brains of a scientist, that both have the same nature, and that perhaps in time they are destined to fuse into a gigantic force." Many other artists and mystics stand as our prophets.

There is this great paradox that the most historically self-conscious age of all time has been the first systematically to chart the unconscious. With a new conscious recognition of what lies below his consciousness man can indeed become powerfully sprung upon his own depths. He can feel confidently at home among Whitman's "multitudes" instead of being distracted and haunted by them. By the same token he will take possession of his whole life in time. Nothing human will be alien to him and he can inherit the past with a right family pride in what his parents did, what he has managed to continue and what he hopes for his children. He can make himself thoroughly at home in history. E. W. EDMONDS

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

A PIONEER in the poetic art, Flecker has, above all things, a poet's love of expressive words. Born at Lewisham, studied Oriental Languages at Cambridge, entered the consular service, and wrote several poems. Throughout his short life as a foreign consul and poet he retained the enthusiasm for traditional culture; indeed, it has been truly said of him, that "he was academic to the backbone." But like Hardy and Housman, Flecker aimed at simplicity of outline and an economy of words. He is the creator of an original poetic style. His effective use of proper names—Samarkand, Famagusta—is typical of his verbal art.

There can be no doubt when I assert that modern poets are by no means reluctant to experiment in their language, but there are very few who unite boldness and good taste in so happy a proportion as Flecker. Few modern

poets have written verse at once original, natural, and expressive as done by Flecker, who has also exhibited great skill in devising new rhythms, an art in which Masfield and de la Mare likewise excel. Flecker was more in love with authority than adventure, he had a firm belief that his generation needed a definite theory on which to work, and this idea led to his adoption of the French Parnassians principles; which was in effect the style and attitude of Baudelaire, de Lisle, Banville and Gautier. The Parnassians did not believe that a poet should be raised above himself by inspiration, and feel more than he could see and express through some clear-cut object. Some reliable critics are doubtful whether Flecker really understood the Parnassians, for his own favourite poets were not allied to the Parnassian school and discipline.

Flecker had a fair meed of success and a generous allowance of recognition in his day, compared with that which has fallen to some men of letters; but he believed himself to be a pioneer, and the old literary conventions, just like old social conventions, had to be discarded. He had acquired a sound training at Cambridge, and found that, throughout English History there is a close correspondence between the life of the people and the literature of the day. He believed this to be true in his day. It is no less true today.

In an age of flux and transition, when fresh tracts of experience are being annexed for literary treatment, when old modes of expression are being cast aside and new ones essayed, art of any kind must necessarily suffer violence and be temporarily at a disadvantage. The excesses of the realistic school, the extravagances of certain artistic coteries, the scrappy sensationalism of modern journalistic developments, are part of the price we are called upon to pay in order to bring our life and letters into closer correspondence. Literature needs from time to time to be reinforced with fresh vitality, with new vigour; otherwise it will languish and decay. To do this has been the work of the new generation, of which Flecker is an example; and if there is more force and sincerity than beauty and sweetness in modern letters, it is because force and sincerity were the things most needed. The new wine may, at present, be rather acrid and heady, but it has body, and time will undoubtedly remedy its defects. The splendid legacy of the past has enriched the imagination of all, its significance made the clearer and weightier by increased facilities in the book-selling world, and the greater attention given to critical and interpretative literature. The rhythmic charm of Flecker has left its impress in different ways upon many would-be poets, and given reasonable time, the result will be observed.

It would be impossible for me or any writer to mark accurately the stages at which a mode of thought, a fashion in poetry of writing, is altered or lost, and its place taken by a new mode, a new fashion. But if all judgments of contemporary writers must be tentative, it should be remembered, on the other hand, that no literature concerns us more closely than that which is being written in our own lifetime. Flecker is of our own time, and no reader, no writer is strong enough to resist his time and place. A general knowledge, even if inaccurate in detail, of the literature of the day cannot be without a personal value.

Among English poets of Flecker's generation he has a place to himself. This man of many accomplishments—a poet, artist, essayist and æsthetic—ploughed a lonely furrow within the limits of tradition. By 1910, in *The*

Golden Journey to Samarkand, he had achieved mastery of his technique—clarity, compactness, haunting rhythms, and the perception of beauty as in an entaglio. It remained to discover the deeper, more universal implications to be revealed in experience. But it must be remarked that Flecker had not time to learn the love of humanity, and it is significant that some of his most accomplished pieces are translations. *Hassan*—completed 1913, performed 1923—reveals a promising sense of the stage, a remarkable skill in the contrivance of episodes, and the unmistakable intention to symbolise a life philosophy within the limit of an Arabian night's entertainment. The climax of the drama is the power of love, which compels poor Hassan to behave like a fool, and condemns Pervaneh and Rafi to a cruel death. This dramatic production was an immediate success, but for some unaccountable reason short lived. Probably the theatre-goers felt that the symbolism obscured the thought. The taste of the theatre demanded realism, and realistic scenery confines the imagination to the footlights. Flecker's death at the early age of thirty-one denied to the world further exhibition of his talents.

Well-informed critics are agreed that Flecker's ideal in poetry was the jewelled phrase, the gem-like verse, the exquisitely chiselled stanza or poem; his abhorrence of the preaching, didactic, fluently romantic, emotional and sentimental poets. "It is not," he declared, "the poet's business to save man's soul but to make it worth saving." It seemed to Flecker that contemporary English poetry was in a chaotic state, and could only be rescued from the chaos, as it appeared to him, into which it had fallen through the poet's ignorance and the absence of any guiding principle, by the recognition that "genius unaided by knowledge was as prone to disaster as in everyday life emotion without strength degenerates into sentimentalism."

There is really no need for anyone to question the accepted view that the strength of the period (early twentieth century) lies in prose. More good prose has been, and is now, produced than good verse; its artistic ideals are more distinct and are more fully attained. In verse the summits are few, and it is hard to say that they rise higher than the highest contemporary prose. If we glance at the mass of verse produced in the early part of this century, we cannot fail to observe that poetry is introduced, in solemn form, by the tragic muse, although sometimes, in the "domestic drama," she speaks in prose. The public in Flecker's day showed a surprising appetite for tragedies which can scarcely now be acted. In the mass of blank verse dramas that have been produced there is not much true imagination or knowledge of human nature, and the secrets of the metre are little known; but there is abundance of theatric skill, and there is at least the intention of poetry. Poets are difficult to group or classify. Some clue can be found in the various models which they follow, and in the fact that the "revival" as it is called, is essentially a literary one.

Poetry, in a general sense, may be defined to be "the expression of the imagination;" and poetry is connate with the origin of man, wrote Shelley. Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Aeolian lyre, which move it by their motion to an ever-changing melody. But there is a principle within the human being, and perhaps within all sentient beings, which acts otherwise than in the lyre, and produces not melody alone, but harmony, by an internal adjustment of the sounds or motions thus excited to

the impressions which excite them. It is as if the lyre could accommodate its chords to the motions of that which strikes them, in a determined proportion of sound; even as the musician can accommodate his voice to the sound of the lyre. A child at play by itself will express its delight by its voice and motions; and every inflexion of tone and every gesture will bear exact relation to a corresponding antitype in the pleasurable impressions which awakened it; it will be the reflected image of that impression; and as the lyre trembles and sounds after the wind has died away, so the child seeks, by prolonging in its voice and motions the duration of the effect, to prolong also a consciousness of the cause. In relation to the objects which delight a child, these expressions are, what poetry is to higher objects.

The foregoing views are divergent to Flecker's, who was too academic in his attitude to poetry. It is needless to attempt here to expose the irrationality of a theory which conceives of an art independent of everyday life. No work of art can be wholly independent as Flecker assumed; for art reveals the artist in greater or lesser degree and mirrors life the more abundantly as the artist is in touch with the entire experience of life. But Flecker admitted that fine poetry had been written upon no theory at all, and bad poetry composed upon excellent principles. In his preface to *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, he says, "that a sound theory can produce sound practice, and exercise a beneficent effect upon writers of genius, has been repeatedly proved in the short but glorious history of the 'Parnasse'."

The only volume representing the art of poetry as Flecker conceived it, *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, (1913), was preceded by *The Bridge of Fire*, (1907), and *Forty-Two Poems*, (1911). *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* is not only the pattern of poetry as Flecker wished to write, it illustrates his affectation of a love of the East, in which he was disillusioned by his short experience in the consular service at Constantinople—now Istanbul—and Smyrna—now Izmir—but was obliged to retire with the onset of tuberculosis. He died at Davos.

The theory adopted by Flecker has been followed more or less wholeheartedly by other poets, then and now, but by none with an entirely faithful allegiance, for it neglects wilfully the complete nature of man; and Flecker is not more successful than those who went before him. When he wrote *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* Flecker had his theory constantly in mind, and the poem, despite all its beauty of phrase, "fails to give more than a transient pleasure;" for the poet's formula is writ clear and the evidence of composition is plain.

" We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise."

Neither the manner nor the wording is original or new; others have affected the like preciosity, and art is more than a cloying sweetness. In a similar mood of intellectualism Flecker wrote *The Gates of Damascus*, *In Phaeacia* and other poems modelled to his theory. In *Oak and Olive* he frankly abandoned his theory for songs of the heart's desire; and many of the verses collected in *The Old Ships* (1915) are undisguisedly more subjective and personal.

The first World War was not without its influence on Flecker's writing, as *The Burial in England*, an ode of noble faith and hope bears witness. Dying as young as he did, we shall never know how he would have developed, if at all.

J. B. PRICE

AN EMIGRANT RETURNS TO EIRE

AMAN'S native land reveals more to him if by that expression he means its farming potential of which he once formed a unit, and not just his area of citizenship. Not since before 1928, up to which year I was a permanent resident, have I spent so long in Ireland where my family farmed for generations, and where I, too, laboured on the land. I called upon an old employee explaining that it was ill health which had brought about my return. "God save ould times," was his greeting, followed, as he gave me a critical glance by: "Is it that you've come home to die?—the country's about right for a dyin' man, 'tis no place for the livin' anyway." "Oh, well, I can still get round a bit at times," I replied, explaining that things were not quite so bad as he imagined. "'Tis little but sorer that you'll find thin," he answered. "We have our memories anyway," I pointed out. "Aye so, and may God preserve them," he muttered, crossing himself by way of emphasis.

Farming conditions were far from good in the nineteen twenties. The Civil War left much of the country in ruin, but by 1925 it appeared that things might settle down, and that there might some day be something in farming proper as distinct from cattle grazing in the ancient tradition of the Celtic cow lords. In that year I had set forth to study agricultural conditions in Denmark with a party of Irish farmers, (although as things turned out I was destined to spend my time in Germany), and I had every opportunity of listening to the conversation of my colleagues and their talk was full of optimism: "Irish farming will soon be on its feet." "We shall outstrip the Danes yet," etc. This optimism seemed to me quite out of place. I attributed to the Dane the views of Kipling's dying shipowner and said as much, but I was the youngest member of the party, and though the acreage which I farmed probably exceeded that worked by any of my colleagues, nobody paid attention to my opinion.

In point of fact, in spite of Scandinavian lessons in farming efficiency and hygiene, Irish farm produce was to reach the British market in a far from satisfactory condition for some years to come—particularly eggs, butter and cow beef. As time passed things improved, but if today one hears far fewer complaints about our exports, there is much that demands vigorous action. Only a year ago an Irish professor of dairy science could write in relation to Denmark: "It is uncomfortable for us to have to admit that the standard of personal cleanliness is much higher than we have. The creameries merely reflect the general standard of personal hygiene, and have staff cloakrooms and tiled lavatories, and bathrooms with baths, showers, and foot-baths." One can realise at once that the professor is right. Some months ago I visited an Irish creamery, and noted a man clad in ancient and grubby garments and wearing what appeared to be a blacksmith's apron, beating butter into boxes with a wooden mallet. No white overalls were visible; nor white tiles for that matter, nor bathrooms. But

things are better in some creameries, yet the general hygienic tone of the country is not improved by letters in the press from angry parents who have withdrawn their children from a national school because of the lice which they picked up there, and the repeated advertisements offering substances to keep children's heads clean give one much food for thought. Denmark has continued to go ahead whereas our agricultural production has remained almost stagnant for many years. (We can claim perhaps a ten per cent increase in its volume since 1939.) The farming optimists of 1925 have lived to eat their words, and I can still visualise a Danish friend quoting: "They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind, And I left 'em sweating and stealing a year and a half behind." A very long year and a half—perhaps our grandchildren will see the end of it.

Now what is the scene recorded after a careful look round Eire and how does it compare with all that has been conveyed to me during years of absence—active farmers' associations; busy sugar factories processing the peasant's best; development of peat bogs; rural electrification; land reclamation schemes, and so on? On first arrival I travelled by rail from Dublin to Cork. Except for some electric power lines here and there and a distant view of a sugar factory, the thousands of acres seen from the railway looked little different from the picture which they had presented thirty years earlier. If anything the scene was more depressing, for the hedges had the appearance of having been left untrimmed for some fifteen or twenty years, and the ditches uncleared for a similar period. Winter is a depressing season. What would the scene be like in summer? Summer found me making another journey over the same route in a crowded railway carriage containing an American tourist. Like so many Americans he seemed to know all about one subject and very little about anything else. His subject was pineapples. After he had lectured us all on the growing, canning, and shipping of these earthy fruits without any apparent response, he aimed to change the conversation by looking out of the window and exclaiming: "Say what is that golden crop farmers grow round here?—seems to be doing darned well." There was a moment of bewilderment, and then we all rocked with laughter. As far as the eye could see on both sides of the train the fields were covered with a dense growth of Ragwort. It was so dense that a hare making its way across the field directly before us caused a distinct ripple on the golden sea. Only the backbones of cattle were discernible. When I explained to the American that Ragwort was a scheduled weed which farmers were encouraged to cut by the threat of a heavy fine; he summed up our respect for the law by saying: "I guess that is why it is doing so well."

One does not pretend to judge a country by one or two railway journeys, but I have made a good many both by train and motor car; inspected farms here and there; and walked over fields which I knew well thirty years ago. Never have I seen so much Ragwort; thousands of acres in the South and Midlands appear to grow little else. When I was in the county of Limerick I called to mind that Arthur Young had had something to say about the prolific growth of the weed in that part of the country, and, on looking up his *Tour in Ireland*, I found that he was in Co. Limerick in 1776 and had noted in his journal: "Just before I got to the hills a field of Ragwort (*Senecio Jacobaea*) buried the cows." Indeed, should Arthur Young return

today he would find much that was familiar. In the "ass and cart" districts of the South and West he would still see men carting loads "which an Englishman would be ashamed to put into a wheelbarrow," and all over these areas he would recognise "the Irishman's fence"—those fetters which handicap farm animals so dreadfully. The crouching gait of a cow which has hoof joined to horn by a rope is particularly distressing. Young might modify his statement: "In the management of the arable ground the Irish are five centuries behind the best cultivated of the English counties;" but should he visit a ploughing match and ask one of the "horse audience" to go with him and look at the work being done by the tractors, he might well receive the reply given to a friend of mine in similar circumstances: "Ah sure God Almighty never intended man to plough at that speed."

What then did I, a returned emigrant, find most striking? Firstly, the many fields empty and silent, for I was not prepared to face evidence of the considerable flight from the land—the fact that the rural population had dwindled by 300,000 in my absence. Secondly, the increase in the number of ruins which dot the countryside. Some homes have been left empty because of overseas emigration; others have been abandoned because of the attractions of Dublin, the city having fattened as the country decayed; still other dilapidated premises are due to the occupiers following the insane advice of local authorities in times of agricultural depression, by pulling off as many farm roofs as possible in order to save rates. Thirdly, the fact that politics and religion are even more mixed up with agriculture than ever they were. Eire withdraws from the World Ploughing Association in a fit of pique because that body recognised Northern Ireland as a separate unit for competition purposes, and is left holding the baby in the form of its special trophy for the champion ploughman since it would lose face if it presented this to a winner from Northern Ireland. County agricultural committee meetings all too often descend into exhibitions of political backbiting. Archbishops and bishops pose as agricultural experts. One even hears confirmation addresses which are largely composed of agricultural topics, and one notes that such organisations as "The People of the Country," which aim to improve the lot of the farming community, are largely directed by priests whose theme tends to be the papal encyclicals rather than the economics of pigs and potatoes, though the latter are not entirely forgotten. Perhaps McCarthy foresaw it all half a century ago when he wrote in *Five Years in Ireland* "I sincerely hope the priest in agriculture has not come to stay; for if he stays, agriculture goes."

Fourthly, the fearful waste of time. I can illustrate this from both rural and urban experience. I visited two provincial agricultural shows. One contained a trade stand in the form of a tent piled with insecticides, herbicides and other agricultural requisites; at the back of the tent lay the "salesman" fast asleep on a couch—indeed snoring audibly. In the same show a tractor of German origin waltzed round in a circle, driverless; there was no representative of the manufacturers at hand to take orders. At the second show a combine harvester and a baling machine with their mechanisms humming away, were apparently engaged in selling themselves, for no attendants were present—not even to secure the safety of casual onlookers. Enquiries from those nearby invariably produced the excuse that the salesman had "gone to dinner," or "gone for a drink," relaxations

which appeared to last a good part of the afternoon. One day when in Dublin, I called at 11.30 a.m., at what is called "an old-established business house,"—a term dearly beloved by some Irish firms who like to spend their time in a state of semi-hibernation. I asked to see the manager about some goods of which he was almost the sole importer. "He's at his 'elevenses' this long while," was the answer to my enquiry. I asked when he would return: "Around half-twelve," was the response. I must have looked disappointed for the attendant added: "Maybe if you look round the cafés, you'll find him in one of them." At ten minutes past two, that afternoon, I entered another "old-established business house" to enquire regarding the non-fulfilment of an order for £65 worth of goods and services after some six months delay. Again I asked for the manager. "Sure 'tis his dinner hour," was the reply, vouchsafed to me with a look of pity as if I ought to have known all about it. "When does he return?" I enquired. "He's due back at four—but say a quarter after if you want to be certain of finding him." And with it all our professional patriots continue to explain that farming is our way of life, but that all will be well when we make it our business. It is a depressing picture. Our farming is the sorrow of Western Europe. When it becomes "our business," it will be the laughing stock.

County Cork.

JOHN S. BARRINGTON

INSECT IMPOSTORS

IT has been known now for nearly a hundred years that there are insects that practise deception, sailing under false colours, for excellent reasons of their own. We call this mimicry and distinguish between the mimic and the model. But a third party enters into the transaction, some other and entirely different creature, usually a bird but on occasions a lizard or for that matter, theoretically at least, any insectivorous animal. This third party is the predator. The basis of mimicry is to be found in the fact that many insects are equipped with some means of causing a predator to regret having attempted to devour them. This could be either a weapon of active defence such as a sting or a bite on the one hand, or on the other a device of a more passive kind such as the secretion of a fluid with a nauseous flavour. Because of these a predator soon learns to leave them alone, but always at the cost of one or two trials, since knowledge of what to avoid is a matter of experience and not of instinct. Since it is important for the creature concerned, and so for the species to which it belongs, to bring any device of this kind into play before it is too late, it will be sound practice to adopt some distinctive appearance to act as a warning of unpleasant consequences. The common social wasp, with its conspicuous livery of yellow and black, is an example. Into this simple relationship of predator and armed prey there enters the mimic, a creature lacking any means of defence yet contriving to impose upon the predator by wearing the livery of one possessing such a means. The resemblance need not be exact in every detail: a general impression is usually enough to deceive, to teach the predator its lesson. Clearly this is a special department of the general tendency towards camouflage by which living creatures, with a number of notable and not always explicable exceptions, blend in varying degrees with their background so as to diminish the risk of

being devoured. It is like the sniper who dresses himself up to look like a tree or a stook of corn, except that there it is the mimic who is armed and disguises himself to resemble that which is unarmed. That is an instance of disguise for the benefit of the predator: mimicry, as understood among insects, exists for the benefit of the prey.

The subject of camouflage in general and mimicry in particular attracted wide attention towards the end of last century chiefly because it was presented to the world soon after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, when the whole theory of evolution was being hotly debated. It furnished an admirable example of the struggle for existence, one means of assuring the survival of the fit. As such it was seized upon and very possibly made too much of, with the result that since that time it has been keenly criticized, the critics pointing out for instance, what is undeniably true, that the theory rests on the assumption that the predators of insects see colour and pattern as we see them. Such criticisms, while healthfully stressing the risk of interpreting observed facts in too subjective a manner, have failed to disprove the validity of the theory that mimicry is something other than coincidence. Widely accepted by entomologists today, it was first put forward by the naturalist and traveller H. W. Bates, who spent no less than eleven years collecting in the basin of the Amazon. One of his observations concerned a well-known family of South American butterfly, slow-flying, distinctively marked, and with a habit of gathering in large companies. Their colour scheme is black and yellow, and they have perfected the protective device of a malodorous fluid emitted when attacked, as a result of which predators have learned to leave them alone. Bates grasped the fact that it is not uncommon to find a small number of members of an entirely different family consorting with a company of these *Heliconidae* and armed with no protective device. Most of the members of this other family are quite different both in colour and wing-shape, but these exceptions resemble the *Heliconidae* in both respects. They have in fact borrowed the general form and the black and yellow livery in order to take advantage of the literally unsavoury reputation associated with them. The resemblance is confined to superficial characters, and while never sufficiently exact to stand up to detailed examination is close enough to deceive birds and lizards. Mimicry of this simple kind, as between harmless mimic and harmful model, has become known as Batesian mimicry and there are many other authenticated examples. A few could be cited from the British insect fauna, such as certain clear-wing moths that imitate the wing-pattern and body-shape of the formidable hornet, flying by day rather than, in the usual manner of moths, by night; but by far the most striking examples are to be found in the tropics, where the art of mimicry and of protective resemblance in general, has reached a standard of perfection unknown to temperate latitudes. Ants for instance are distasteful to most birds, though not to all, and in South America there is an ant which is mimicked by a spider, a remarkable fact since spiders are not insects, having four pairs of legs instead of three and lacking the clear-cut division of the body into head, thorax and abdomen. Nevertheless, by modification of the outline of its body and by the placing of two pairs of legs close together, the spider achieves its end. Again most people have heard of the leaf-carrying ant of the same continent which moves in imposing processions, each ant carrying a fragment of leaf over its back. Taking part in these processions and sharing in their relative immunity from predation, a small

bug may sometimes be found resembling not merely the ant, but, by means of a green outgrowth from its back, the leaf fragment as well. Mimicry sometimes extends beyond colour and shape to include movements and habits also, as for instance the clear-wing moths that fly by day. The spider-mimic copies the restless twitchings of its ant-model, and a fly that mimics a wasp with white-tipped antennae produces that effect by waving its white forelegs after the fashion of antennae.

In addition to Batesian there is another and different kind of mimicry known as Mullerian, after the naturalist Muller who was the first to make it clear. The distinguishing feature of Batesian mimicry is a relationship between an offensive and an inoffensive species. In Mullerian mimicry, on the other hand, we find two or more species resembling one another and all of them provided either with stings or an unpleasant flavour. It is a matter of economy of colour scheme, the adoption of one type of livery, by which each species stands to benefit. The predator is required to learn one lesson only, to associate one colour scheme with unpleasant consequences rather than two or three. The result is that the number of each species that has to be sacrificed to teach the predator its lesson is a half or a third what it would be if each species flaunted its own exclusive advertisement of distastefulness. Here we have mimicry of a sort, but of a separate sort in which there is no question of sailing under false colours, no apparently deliberate imposture. It is more like some sort of profit-sharing business arrangement. All the same an important point to be realized is that there is a distinct possibility of the two sorts being combined. An innocuous insect could quite well become a member of such an alliance, though under false pretences. In this way there might be set up quite a complex association both of noxious and of inoffensive insects, both Batesian and Mullerian mimics, all deriving benefit from the wearing of a similar uniform. A comparatively simple example of Mullerian mimicry can be given. Here in Britain we are all familiar, occasionally too familiar, with the common social wasp, conspicuously and warningly coloured in black and yellow. There is little doubt that it is a member of a Mullerian association, and that other members are some of the hover-flies, some of the ichneumons, and probably the wasp-beetle as well. All are conspicuously coloured in black and yellow. The hover-flies and the ichneumons behave rather differently from most of their kind, and the wasp-beetle exposes itself freely, while its movements are not unlike those of a wasp. The authenticity of this association as being of the Mullerian kind has yet to be proved by experiment and the extent to which all these insects are either offensive or inoffensive to predators has not yet been established. Meanwhile it is worth noting that three different orders of insect are represented, and that the black and yellow livery, rather a common one in the insect world, is at least likely to have significance of some sort.

Directly consequent upon Batesian mimicry we find one strange and at first sight paradoxical result. The hallmark of success in the animal world generally is for a species to keep its numbers up to as high a level as possible, to be as common as is practicable within the limit of overcrowding. But this would defeat the whole object of mimicry, for if the mimic were to become nearly as common as the model a predator, in the course of its trial-and-error experiments in palatability, would be as likely to pick on the former as on the latter. It is essential, therefore, for the mimic to remain scarce in relation to the model.

Impostors must be few, or their deception will be exposed, and where well-authenticated cases of mimicry are concerned this rule holds good. In fact we may go so far as to say that if this relationship of numbers fails to show itself in a suspected instance of mimicry, the resemblance in question is not mimetic at all, but has some other cause or is a coincidence. This relative scarcity of the mimic in its turn has a strange consequence. It must never be forgotten that biological advantages operate for the benefit of the species: the individual as such counts for little. Now for a species to be required to keep its numbers down to a low level is a highly hazardous state of affairs, since it is then closely confronted with the ultimate catastrophe for a species, namely extinction. So serious is the risk that some species have elaborated ingenious devices for reducing it considerably. This is by means of what is known as polymorphism, the existence that is to say of more than one distinct form, each belonging to the same species, inhabiting the same region and occurring in the same numerical proportion. As applied to a mimic this means that if each of the forms imitates a different model then the species as a whole can remain twice as abundant, if there are two of them, as if there were only one, and the object of mimicry can still be realized effectively. Thus there is a British hover-fly found in two different forms. One has a red tail and mimics the common red-tailed bumble-bee: the other with a white tail and yellow markings on the thorax convincingly counterfeits a banded species of bumble-bee. This device has been carried a stage further by an African swallow-tail butterfly, in which the distinction in form is sexual. The males remain unchanged in what presumably is the original guise, but the females are found in three quite different forms and each one mimics one of three species of a different butterfly belonging to the genus *Danais*. All three species of *Danais* are distasteful to birds. The reason for the females having resorted to mimicry rather than the males is, supposed to be their greater need for protection as the sex that must survive longer so that they may lay eggs, a comparatively protracted process. It is very strange, but true, that these eggs laid by a single female will hatch out into males and into all three female forms.

LESLIE REID

ANTARCTIC RIVALRIES

WITH the return of the sun signalling the end of the long polar winter, the eleven countries which are to send expeditions to the Antarctica have begun the second phase of an adventure which is to see its climax during the International Geophysical Year commencing on July 1, this year. The Americans who already had 166 men wintering in the two bases at McMurdo Sound and Little America V have opened operation "Deep Freeze" with a further addition of 44 men in a spectacular airlift from their base in Christ Church, New Zealand, to McMurdo Sound 2,250 miles away. The operations were carried out in giant Douglas C-124 Globe Masters, the largest transport aircraft in the United States Airforce, symbolising a revolution in Antarctic exploration, as it would take cargo ships another month or two before the pack-ice became penetrable; thus doubling the season of activity and possibly opening a new air-route of the future. The task before these men is to

open three more bases. One, at the geographical South pole, the second, at Marie Byrd Land and the third, in the Knox Coast. On October 31, the Americans created aviation history when a Navy R4D twin engined transport landed on the South pole and Admiral Dufek became the first human to land after the fateful Captain Scott expedition on January 16, 1912. The party under Army Transport Corps has already left overland for Marie Byrd Land some 600 miles from Little America V. The main Russian party are on their way to the Antarctica in the Ob. Though the Russian plan was to set up only three bases, it seems they are to have as many as the United States. The wintering advance party (expected to be over a hundred) have already established 3 bases. The main base named Mirny (peaceful) by its inhabitants stretches over a mile, has a radio station as well as an airfield. The second base is 200 miles further south called Pionerskaya (Pioneer). A third has recently been constructed on the site of the "Bunger Oasis" and is called "Oazis." The other bases are expected to be at the Magnetic pole and the pole of inaccessibility (the most distant point from all spots on the Antarctic Coastline).

On November 15 the new ship "Magga Dan" sailed from London with Dr. Fuchs and 16 members of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition along with 21 members of the Royal Society Expedition. The Royal Society is to be based at Halley Bay. Dr. Fuch's party will join the eight men wintering at Shackleton Base in the Weddell Sea, the staging point of the Expedition. The New Zealand expedition under Sir Edmund Hillary which forms the other half of this expedition, will be on its way this month on the "Endeavour" and is to set up Scott base in the McMurdo Sound. The other countries which are to set up their bases are: France—in Adelie Land; Norway—in Queen Maud Land; Belgium—in Queen Mary Land; Japan—on Peter I Island; Argentina—at Vahsel Bay, together with the existing Argentina bases in the Antarctica; Chile—existing Chilean bases in the Antarctic. Any observation of the various bases of the different countries in the Antarctica would show that the concentration was in three areas: The Ross Sea, which is New Zealand territory and is the main American base at McMurdo Sound; The Knox Coast—Australian territory which has the Soviet bases and the US base; The Falkland Dependencies—which though physically under the British is claimed by both Argentina and Chile.

Although the existing rights and claims of the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia, France, Norway, are based on acts of discovery, occupation and exercise of legislative and administrative authority which is mutually recognised, both the United States and the USSR do not recognise any existing territorial claims. It is, therefore, more likely that with the establishment of bases, these two powers will establish territorial claims and increase the rivalries which already exist between Great Britain, Chile and Argentina. The basic factor for the growing suspicion is that, with the development of nuclear power and possibility of permanent habitation in the cold Continent, any great power which controls the Antarctic Continent would in effect control the air and sea lanes south of the equator. To the American strategists this means that, should the Panama Canal ever be destroyed by atomic attack, the guided missile launching cruisers moving between the Atlantic and Pacific will have to

pass through Drake's passage. Though Washington policy has been to stress the scientific side of the Antarctic efforts, she has a wary eye on the activities of the Soviet expedition. The increasing use of military men in charge of operations and the entry of the Airforce in large numbers, employment of armed ice-breakers and naval oil tankers, are not all without reasons.

The Soviet choice of Wilkes Land opposite Australia is viewed with suspicion by American and Australian strategists, and the possibility of having to face a pincer movement by a Communist drive southward from China and operations from Soviet air bases in the Antarctic, is not considered too fanciful. The remarkable airdrop operations of Soviet pilots during the period of greatest darkness obviously tends to show that an advanced technical equipment is being used. It is possible, as the American experts suggest, that the training has been perfected in the Arctic winters. With the Soviet press stressing that the scientific work is likely to require "several years" and the Soviet scientists and engineers talking of nuclear powered aeroplanes flying direct from Moscow within the next ten years, it is possible to visualize that the USSR expect to establish a permanent airbase in the Antarctic. In contrast with these two giants the Commonwealth and other expeditions seem insignificant, although the military aspects have not been overlooked. It is reported that the Commonwealth Airforce Committee has been sitting in Wellington, to discuss possible developments in the southern continents and HMS Protector has already returned to the southern waters. From the above report the cold continent seems to be warming up and a flare-up between the rivals working within 250 miles of one another (Soviet base "Oasis" and the American base in Knox Coast) cannot be dismissed. It seems timely that India, one of the 45 countries which are participating in the International Geophysical Year, has submitted a memorandum to the UN explaining her earlier request that the question of peaceful utilisation of Antarctica should be placed on the agenda of the present session of the General Assembly, but it will be observed that the memorandum does not propose an international regime for the Antarctica.

There have been many suggestions for the "internationalisation" of the Antarctica. About the earliest, on Aug. 28, 1948, was when the United States suggested that the seven countries with "established claims" along with the United States should jointly be responsible for the administration of the Antarctica in association with the UN. This proposal was, however, rejected by Norway, Chile and Argentina, and came under heavy protest from Russia for not being included among the consortium by virtue of its rights of exploration and discovery of parts of the Antarctica. Thus any proposal for a government by a consortium of Powers is likely to raise violent political problems. Although there is no express provision in the Charter for direct administration (assuming that these were to be overcome) it would be unrealistic to expect the UN at present to be able to assume that role.

The Indian proposal provides a basis for formulating a widely acceptable scheme in closer co-operation with the UN without apparently violating the sovereignty of states. The Memo therefore should be studied under three separate heads.

1. All nations should "pledge to keep the . . . Antarctica free from world tension." This primarily would mean that the interested nations would honour existing territorial claims, if this area is to be free from tension. Secondly, it would make it obligatory for the government extending scientific investigation after the termination of the International Geophysical Year, to accept supervision of the UN.

2. They should agree and affirm that the area should be utilised "entirely for peaceful purposes." An extension of 1 to provide for the participation of the specialised agencies of the UN with the various kinds of investigations carried out by the different governments, thereby fostering international co-operation under UN supervision.

3. The Antarctica has "a considerable geographical significance for the world as a whole" and is shortly to acquire "practical significance with the development of rapid communication." The memorandum is here grappling with the subject with immediate possibilities in the region. Strategically, with the development of long-range jet or nuclear aircraft, this territory could militarily be an asset for the domination of the whole southern world to any great Power. The acceptance of 1 and 2 by nations would mean the rapid development of air-communication over this area. The knowledge of the good flying conditions gained in the flights over the North pole, is likely to be an encouragement to air-line operators to extend their services by "shorter routes," if the facilities are available. The landing of huge transport aircrafts in the cold continent by both the Soviet and United States is further evidence that the idea is not too far fetched. The French have exhibited imagination in fast developing the Kerguelan Island in the Indian Ocean to an airport capable of receiving large aircrafts. The British have also shown their intention of developing airfields in Grahamland. From this it follows that provided a control can be effected on the airports in the Antarctica, communication could be established between New Zealand, Australia, South America, South Africa, India, etc. Thereby achieving a great reduction in time and distance.

The International Civil Aviation Organisation under the International Civil Aviation Convention of 1944 could assume direct responsibility "to man, maintain and administer airports," under Article 71 of the Convention, or entrust this responsibility to an agency like the International Air Transport Association. On the other hand Article 77 provides for the joint operating organisations, which have been successful in Greenland and Iceland. These arrangements would primarily or ultimately permit varying degrees of internationalisation. Security arrangements as per article 64 with respect to air matters, could involve the erection of radar warning systems and other facilities, which would possibly depend on the success of the international police force in the Middle East and its institution as a permanent body, thus creating gradual emergence of a UN control over the White Continent. With the ever increasing tension in the Antarctica, the Indian memorandum by not proposing any definite and strong measures keeps the field open for discussion and the possibility of acceptance of some control whereby the so-called "last great land adventure left to man" would become in time the first realisation of a universal administration for a huge Continent—inhabited or not—and form a milestone towards the fulfilment of the Charter of the UN.

P. C. SEN

ANIMAL ATHLETES

IN this Olympic Games year our minds and eyes are focused on speed and the achievements in the field-events of world renowned athletes. But to compare the pace of the fastest men with that of the speediest animals is like comparing the hare with the tortoise. In fact, of all living things, man on his feet is one of the slowest. Official records clock his running speed at less than 22 miles an hour, and though each year, as training methods reach perfection, and tracks become faster, 3 minutes 58 seconds (or a speed of little more than 15 miles an hour) is the best as yet achieved over a mile.

It is the American humorist, Mark Twain, who said of the English hare—"When its gone by, you can hear it whizz." This animal of proverbial madness and speed is the fastest small mammal in the world, and it can easily show a clean pair of heels to its American cousin, the Jack Rabbit. One has only to watch a hare legging it at dawn over the dew-drenched "uplands," which we rather foolishly call "downs," to stand breathless and wondrous at its speed. Because of their long and powerful hind legs hares run best uphill, and are inclined to topple over when going down. Nature has certainly endowed this animal with all the attributes of a great athlete. It has an especially regulated heart and its lung capacity is inordinately big for its overall size. The hare varies its stride to suit the ground over which it races, whether grassland, fallow or plough, and it is just as good a cross-country performer as a sprinter—a rare achievement in man and beast.

From a sitting start a hare can go at once into a top speed of 45 miles per hour. In fact, it *cannot* walk, two bounds and it is at full gallop. In lieu of the human athlete's "starting-blocks" the hare has especially hairy hind pads which prevent the risk of slipping or making a false start. But unlike most other speedy animals the hare has no length of tail with which to steady itself and balance at high speeds. It is said that human athletes run themselves unconscious in the final effort, and there is an allied rural but erroneous belief that hares "run themselves blind." One may expect almost any surprising factor in the make-up of the Mad March Hare, so it is not surprising to know that it steers with its long ears—inclining and bending them as it swerves and "jinks" to avoid danger by the fraction of an inch. In view of the hare's many idiosyncrasies, it is not so strange either that the hare does not make use of its great speed unless forced to do so. It prefers to lie hidden and snug in its form.

From the hare we move on naturally to the greyhound that has been used in pursuit of it for centuries. The greyhound, of course, is bred for speed, but in actual fact it has never yet attained the speed of its nimble-footed quarry. With an "electric" speed on the track of 41 m.p.h. it falls a little short of the hare's performance. It may well be asked then, how a hare ever falls victim to its pursuer. Fear often detracts from speed, and there is no doubt that a hare coursed to disadvantage by two hounds never puts up its best performance. And, again, a hare hunted over open country, though it picks its own circular track, may well find conditions under foot not to its liking. Wet and heavy ground "balls up" on its feet, so the slower, clean-footed greyhounds have the best of the racing handicap. The greyhound is really one bounding spring. Its spine and fine, long tail are all a part of the

release mechanism of speed, giving an extra freedom of movement. It has been discovered that a greyhound unable to curl its tail by some deficiency in breeding is little use on the track.

Though thoroughbreds are bred and trained for both speed and stamina, they do not always run to expectations, as is well-known to those punters who try to "beat the book." Though the Derby is run at a speed of 35 m.p.h., a race-horse has achieved 43 m.p.h., and even the Mongolian Wild Ass can give man a quarter of a mile start in half a mile and beat him to the finishing post. There is, however, one record in athletic history of a man beating a horse in a long-distance track event, but the tactics employed by the athlete were anything but orthodox by Olympic standards. "Rolling" and tiring perceptibly at the finish the man dodged to and fro in front of the horse, knowing that the beast would not step on him, and thus won the race.

The British fox is pursued by the fastest packs of hounds in the world. Though a skulking reynard leisurely prowling round the skirt of a coppice gives little impression of speed, its all-out performance when hounds are "belling" in full cry equals that of the hare. But as a rule the fox relies upon cunning rather than speed—taking incredulous jumps to break the scent and slow up the hunt. A fox can actually jump 18 feet from a standing start, only 5 feet less than a man can hurdle himself after a lengthy burst of speed to attain propulsion force against the pull of gravity. Another less well-known and much smaller animal—the desert rat, which is only 5 inches long, also relies upon its jumping power rather than its speed. This little rodent can jump 15 feet in one hop. If a desert rat were man's height, and possessing its same abilities proportionately, it would be capable of covering 215 feet. Coming right down to the miniature in nature, however, the diminutive flea holds all the world records for jumping. "As fit as a flea" is a true country saying. In ratio to their size fleas can make really stupendous long jumps of 12 inches, 200 times their own length, and leap 7 inches high.

Returning to the starting post of track events, and to the bigger animals, the cheetah is the world's fastest sprinter—one that could give a greyhound 40 yards start and a beating over a quarter of a mile. This spotted sprinter has an acceleration of 45 m.p.h. in two seconds, and can achieve 70 m.p.h. covering 103 feet per second. The cheetah has long been trained by Indians and Persians to hunt gazelle and buck. The black buck of India is a little faster than the cheetah over a distance, and the sporting leopard must be "set" on its prey within a reasonably close distance in order that its short all-out burst be successful. Even, however, under favourable conditions the buck often escape, for like some human athletes cheetahs are very temperamental. The red deer of Scotland and Devon, the pronged-antelope, and the white-tailed deer of Canada, all clock in on the 60 m.p.h. mark.

In the animals of the African veld, the King of Beasts has great strength rather than speed. Though a lion can lift a fully-grown native ox and jump with it over a 5 ft. high kraal, it is not amongst the fastest carnivora. Short bursts of speed interspersed with slow stalking are the lion's technique. When hunting it rarely exceeds 50 m.p.h. Though the lion trains on raw zebra meat, it also eats a good deal of vegetable matter in the form of wild water-melons, as well as tuberous roots rich in vitamins—known to natives as "lion's medicine." The short-sighted old rhino, though cumbersome to look

at, can keep up with a motorcar traversing a rough bush road at 28 m.p.h. One would expect the long-legged giraffe to be faster than 30 m.p.h. but they are easily hunted on horseback.

Going as far as the jungles of the Congo, the man-like gorilla breaks records in charging its foe at 15 yards in less than a second. It is said that one gorilla matched in tug-of-war can pull over 17 men with one hand. Speed and great strength are rarely found together in the animal world. Frank W. Lane, the well-known natural history writer, states that there are many anatomical secrets contributing to fast speeds in nature. The legs of fast animals are joined to the body at the centre of percussion, thus minimising jar on contact with the ground. When human athletes grow tired they soon "go back on their heels"—this is practically impossible in the majority of fast animals, for behind the toes there is a concussion pad of flesh. Even the elephant, which moves its huge bulk in a kind of elephantine shamle that is neither trot nor gallop at a deceptively fast 25 m.p.h., goes on its toes and not flat-footed as it appears.

Hawks have been known to swoop down on their victims at 170 m.p.h., and swifts dive while cruising at 70 m.p.h., but an insect is the fastest living thing—only a fly has broken the sound barrier. The *Cephenomyia*, or bot fly, incredible as it may sound, has been known to cover 400 yards a second or 818 miles per hour. At this speed the bot fly would be able to keep up with a bullet fired from an old-fashioned musket. With all these breathless speeds "leaving" man hopelessly behind, if not at a standstill, it is as well perhaps that the tortoise takes life at a more leisurely pace. R. H. FERRY

MORTALITY

*A freelance each is born
—At what court to be knight?—
To ride by ways forlorn
To try a strange host's might.*

*Through waste and shade prolongs,
Doubt-scarred, the dream-like quest.
Whence sound the sirens' songs?
Whence voices of the blest?*

*The "field of folk" is fair.
The sunlight warms the skin.
The last joust when and where,
But death's cold spurs to win?*

*A pennant in the dust
Beside a riven shield!
Bare bones and iron rust. . . .
How much to death must yield?*

LUKE PARSONS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE MESSAGE OF MAZZINI

Unlike Cavour, the master diplomatist, Garibaldi, the inspired soldier, and Victor Emmanuel, *il re galantuomo*, Mazzini was much more than a great Italian patriot. He had a message for Europe, not merely for the nineteenth century but for the twentieth. To know the man and his work we still turn to Bolton King's fine biography published over fifty years ago. To know his deepest thoughts and feelings about everything in heaven and earth—religion, politics, society and morals—we are lucky to possess a guide who resembles him in his ardent patriotism. The veteran critic of Fascism was one of Italy's leading historians before Mussolini was heard of, and now that the foul blot on her scutcheon has been removed by the Second World War he has returned to the studies of earlier days. A year or two ago we were enjoying a translation of his thoughtful study of the French Revolution. Now we can equally enjoy his masterly interpretation of one of the noblest teachers of the modern world, justly described as a "martyr soul" by Carlyle. First published in 1905, revised in 1925 and revised again for this English translation, this little book of two hundred pages should be welcomed in a country which not only sympathized with Italian aspirations but helped to accomplish them. The translation is excellent and the bibliographical notes will prove a boon to students.

Professor Salvermini wisely allows Mazzini to speak for himself, and no Italian has spoken with greater eloquence. His comments are lucid and fair. "Mazzini was a man who did not live for himself. His desire was to live and to suffer for all men; in so doing he has lived and suffered for us too. For this reason we feel we can always turn to him—even if our opinions differ wholly from his—as to a brother or father, ever certain of finding in him inspiration and comfort: inspiration in our hours of weariness and comfort in defeat. Duty placed in the forefront of life, self-sacrifice upheld as the only virtue, social and international solidarity preached as the moral faith of humanity: these principles have never been more sincerely or more forcefully affirmed, not in a system of abstract ideas but—what is much more important—in the activity and anguish in his daily life." This fine tribute is fully deserved. Mazzini was the saint of nationalism. It is interesting to learn that Sun-yat-Sen was one of his most fervent admirers.

Among the intellectual influences of his youth the author emphasizes that of the Saint-Simonians who prepared the gradual shift in European thought from individualism to socialism. Like most nineteenth-century liberals he shared the optimism of the Enlightenment in France, Rousseau's belief in the common man, and the conviction that with the right ideology unlimited progress is within our grasp. "We are at the beginning of a great epoch—the epoch of the peoples." That democracies could be as despotic as kings he never admitted. But whereas the *Philosophes*, led by Voltaire and Diderot, Turgot and Condorcet, looked to reason as the motive power of advance, Mazzini based his faith on an overruling Providence. His teaching, however, was totally different from that of Bossuet's *Discours sur l'histoire universelle*. While the French bishop proclaimed that God's purpose was to shepherd ignorant and erring peoples into the portals of the church of which he was the greatest ornament, the Italian apostle believed that it was to bring classes and nations, races and creeds into one vast family, emotionally as well as intellectually conscious of their underlying unity as the children of God.

Though Mazzini was a theist and believed in immortality—oscillating, in the author's phrase, between theism and pantheism—he had no use for any of the organised churches which he regarded as obstacles rather than aids to the religion

of the spirit. He disliked the Roman Church as the enemy of Italian nationalism no less heartily than Garibaldi himself. "The Papacy is a corpse, like Monarchy." There was no need for papacy or priests. His distaste went far beyond politics, for he rejected the Christian creeds. While denouncing atheism and materialism, he believed that the churches and the creeds were doomed to decline. In their place he proclaimed the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That was enough for him and he felt it should be enough for everybody. Since God directs human affairs, churches were needless. Like Toynbee, he taught that every religion contained a fragment of truth, none a monopoly. Since there had never been a "fall" of man, there was no need for his redemption by an Incarnation; redemption from our imperfections was always in process, for God has given us a capacity and an urge to advance. "We love Christ as a brother better than ourselves." "Man's only natural right is to be free from every hindrance to carrying out his duty." The adoption of a simple theism, sometimes described as natural religion, would remove the rigid barriers which have kept us apart and foster the sentiment of world unity. Convinced that most men are more good than bad, he argued that no theological system of rewards and penalties were needed to keep us straight.

Brotherhood was the core of his gospel, but he was no mere cosmopolitan like Goethe or Marx. His ideal, like that of Kant, was a loose association of independent and democratic communities. The greatest of nationalists was an equally ardent internationalist: since every nation had a divine mission, it should develop on its own lines and make its unique contribution to the prosperity and happiness of mankind. Since every people conscious of its spiritual unity had a right to become a nation-State, the Turkish and Austrian empires should disappear. Yet national independence was not enough. No nineteenth-century writer would have welcomed the League of Nations and Briand's plan for the "United States of Europe" more enthusiastically. The word "foreigner" should disappear. Compared with Mazzini Treitschke was narrowly provincial. Freedom from external oppression, as in Northern Italy, Poland and the Balkans, must be matched by freedom from oppression within by class rule or capitalist exploitation. "One day we shall all be workers." He demanded free education and universal suffrage. His mind, like that of Mill in his last years, moved towards such conceptions as co-partnership, and he was among the earliest to claim that women must have the same opportunities of self-realization and service as men. For Communism he had as little liking as for dynastic autocracy.

Though the larger portion of the volume is devoted to Mazzini's ideology, the author pronounces him a man of action, and the second part is devoted to his activities and influence. Here we are on more familiar ground, for every reader of Trevelyan's Garibaldian epic knows that he was one of the architects of united Italy and helped to govern the short-lived Roman Republic in 1849. He lived to see the new nation-State taking its place among the great Powers of Europe. That it emerged as a monarchy, not a republic, was a disappointment; but, in his own prophetic words, "the republic can wait, but not Italian unity." He could not foresee that the coming of a republic would have to wait for a megalomaniac dictator and for the defeat of his country in a world war. In considering his ardent republicanism we must remember that he grew up in the sterile Restoration era of Metternich and the Tsar Nicholas. Though his dream of "Young Europe" and the conspiracies he fostered came to nothing and he spent years in exile, he never lost faith in his dream of all nations, classes and creeds living in brotherhood and peace. Many of his forecasts have been fulfilled, but idealists are rarely realists. "The Holy Alliance of the Peoples" which he expected to replace the Holy Alliance of the autocrats, has never materialized, and there is little sign of it today. Yet he did not live in vain. *Homo sapiens* needs preachers, apostles, crusaders, even if he pays very little attention to their message.

G. P. GOOCH

Mazzini. By Gaetano Salvemini. Cape. 18s.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

Nowadays the man in the street takes a troubled interest in foreign affairs and is vaguely informed on the general trends. At the beginning of the century the subject was of a specialised and almost exclusively expert appeal. Two world wars and the atomic bomb have made the difference. The two books before us supply the evidence on which an informed opinion may be trained upon what may be called the underlying causes and the first phase of the century's catastrophe.

In the smaller volume Mr. M. R. D. Foot gives us a superbly concise and readable account of the diplomatic developments between 1898 (when the foundations of Britain's economic supremacy on which her "splendid isolation" had been based, began to collapse) and the time when, half a century later, thermonuclear power presented its impartial threat to the world at large. He writes well, is a master of the complicated facts, contrives to weave a recognisable thread through them, and, marvellous to relate, neatly and skilfully avoids the more provocative or disputable elements in the story. Curiously, however, he gives less emphasis than it seems to deserve to the League of Nations Disarmament Conference of 1932. He says indeed (p. 105): "It achieved nothing, fears and jealousies between the member-States were far too strong. . . ." That is a true enough remark; but by omitting to give any detailed account of what took place at the conference, he omits to include in his narrative what at the time obviously was, and was later proved to be, one of the cardinal failures of the inter-war period. Mr. Foot duly chronicles the election which put Hitler into power a few months after the League of Nations Disarmament Conference came to its end, but does not trace the connection between the two events nor explain how bitter was the upshot of the Geneva failure. Moreover he hardly gives an adequate measure of the importance attached by Stresemann's Germany to the question of disarmament from the 1919 Versailles Treaty, through the 1925 Locarno promise to the 1932 finality of failure: a failure which was the main cause of Hitler's personal rise from the ignominy of prison to the highest power in the Wilhelmstrasse within one decade.

Apart however from that one ground of possible criticism the book presents a really admirable essay in condensed, balanced assessment of the affairs of our time, for which the student (and we are all students in these days) will be grateful.

The other volume records the actual memoranda, correspondence and general documentation which underlay the early part of the inter-war period. The first half deals with the Central European factors which were of international importance before the Treaty of Versailles came into operation at the beginning of 1920; the second half gives the like documentation about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and Japan's attitude to China up to the spring of 1920. This volume constitutes number VI in the first series of documents taken from the archives of the Foreign Office on British foreign policy between 1919 and 1939. Its editors, Mr. E. L. Woodward and Mr. Rohan Butler, have had full access to Foreign Office papers, and full freedom of selection. The documents here reproduced deal, in chapter one, with the problems of nationality in the Sudetenland and in Slovakia; of Teschen ("where is Teschen?") asked Mr. Lloyd George at the Versailles Conference), Silesia and Danzig; of Sir George Clerk's missions to Bucharest and Budapest in the autumn of 1919; and of the economic relationship of Germany with Austria. Chapter two deals with the documents about the British reaction to Japan's policies towards China, Korea, Siberia, Manchuria, Mongolia, Siam, Indo-China, the South Seas, Australia, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines.

There is some poignancy, when read today, in a telegram sent nearly forty years ago by the British Chargé d'Affaires at Bucharest to Lord Curzon beginning: "General Greenly, who returned last night from Hungarian front reports that whole population including Hungarian element implores protection of Allies against Bolsheviks and Bela Kun . . . there is no doubt that mass of population abhors present Bolshevik regime and would welcome Allied or even Rumanian interven-

tion" (July 1, 1919). This vast collection of dispatches and memoranda may look forbidding, but the student or expert will be rewarded if he ploughs through it, both by the general light it throws on the events of our time and by particular sidelights which derive importance from what happened at a later date.

GEORGE GLASGOW

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939: First series, Volume VI, 1919. Edited by E. L. Woodward and Rohan Butler. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 105s.
British Foreign Policy Since 1898. By M. R. D. Foot. Hutchinson's University Library. 10s. 6d.

NEWLY INDEPENDENT STATES

As an outstanding authority on constitutional law and a former constitutional adviser to the Governments of Ceylon and Pakistan, Sir Ivor Jennings might be expected to regard the production of a sound Constitution as a priority for all countries achieving independence. Few people, however, are likely to quibble with his assertion that "the real problem in any country, and not least in a country which is moving towards self-government, is not to draft a Constitution or to make the laws but to find men and women capable of running the machinery of government." His other axioms, such as that economic stability is essential to effective self-government and that educational development, another necessity, depends on economic development, are equally hard to controvert.

A colonial power, genuinely aiming to prepare the peoples under its sway for eventual self-government, seems bound sooner or later to be faced with the dilemma of handing over too much power too soon or of giving too little responsibility too late. In either instance the result is likely to prove unfortunate. Sir Ivor's lucid exposition of how best to resolve this dilemma, and how to assist the newly-fledged States when they have been created, is a model of its kind. As such it should be of the greatest assistance, both to governments and statesmen of the countries of Free Asia which have attained independence during the past decade and to other countries now approaching self-government.

In many respects Maurice Zinkin's book is complementary to Sir Ivor's. The latter deals primarily with the political and constitutional problems facing India, Pakistan, Ceylon and the countries of South-East Asia and should serve as an invaluable guide to those concerned with them. Maurice Zinkin barely touches the political aspect, but concentrates on the problems of economic development. He does, it is true, include a most stimulating chapter on colonialism and, in it, stresses a point which is apt to be overlooked by those who today are so vociferous in denouncing what they are pleased to call imperialism and colonialism. The great colonial powers thus berated, he recalls, were themselves at one time colonies of Rome and were under colonial rule for much longer periods than were India, Burma or any of the other Asian countries which have achieved independence since the war. Britons and Gauls no doubt disliked being under foreign domination just as much as Indians objected to British rule; but without the Roman tradition of law and administration, of town life, of good communications and of other such benefits, where would we be today? There may have been nothing inherently superior about the Romans two thousand years ago or of the British fifty years ago, but both had economically more efficient civilisations than the peoples over whom they ruled and were thus in a position to assist these peoples to develop. Whether for Britain or India, for France or Indo-China, a period of colonial rule, whatever its defects, was, as he remarks, "the necessary preliminary to any development at all." It is, however, with the economic development of the countries of Free Asia that he is primarily concerned and, just as Sir Ivor examines the problems and difficulties in the way of sound political and constitutional development in these new independent States and offers shrewd comment and advice, so Maurice Zinkin, from long first-hand experience of his subject, analyses the obstacles confronting the Asian economic

planners and suggests ways of overcoming them. His book should prove as valuable a guide to these planners as Sir Ivor's should be to Asian statesmen and politicians.

Each author, in his own sphere, warns of particular dangers to be faced. Sir Ivor regards the absence of strong, responsible Opposition parties as one of the greatest dangers ahead in all these countries. Mr. Zinkin's main apprehension lies in the advantage that a Communist regime has over a democratic government in carrying out the economic development of a largely peasant country. The former can and does use force. The latter must rely on persuasion—a slow and often heart-breaking method in countries where hide-bound tradition, religion, the caste system, illiteracy, and much else besides combine to place obstacles in the way of development. Both authors have much to say about the politician's part in the development of the newly independent countries of South and East Asia. Sir Ivor would seem to regard politicians as something in the nature of a necessary evil. Mr. Zinkin views them with, perhaps, a less jaundiced eye. While recognising their shortcomings and limitations, he shows how important they are in the realm of economic development. Pandit Nehru, despite deficient understanding of economic principles at times, he regards as the perfect politician; and what the countries of Free Asia require more than anything else, he considers, are politicians capable of inspiring economic development of Mr. Nehru's type and stature.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

The Approach To Self-Government. By Sir W. Ivor Jennings. Cambridge University Press. 16s.

Development For Free Asia. By Maurice Zinkin. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

LESSONS FROM SWITZERLAND

In a world of nation-States, constantly arrayed against each other and constantly at war, Switzerland has passed, if not unnoticed, at least little regarded. A nation which has enjoyed the blessings and burdens of neutrality for so long has made little apparent contribution to a history consisting largely of the interplay of power politics. Yet, precisely because of this unusual background, it provides a more rewarding study today than many a more powerful community. In this essay, which is part of a larger study to be called *The Age of Nationalism*, Professor Kohn examines the Swiss achievement of combining a strong nationalism with as near perfect a liberty as is enjoyed anywhere in the world, shows how it came into being, recounts the vicissitudes through which it passed and hints at the analogy between the Swiss experience and the problems facing modern Europe.

The conflict between nationalism and liberty has always been one to tease and baffle the political philosopher. Liberty has its roots in nationalism, since strong government is necessary to ensure it; but, at the same time, the collectivist sense of nationality can all too easily stifle liberty. Time and again democracy has degenerated into autocracy, simply because, in the course of time, the demands of the community outweighed the rights of the individual. The Swiss passed through similar precarious periods, but on each occasion they emerged with their sense of nationalism and their sense of liberty strengthened. Geography was in part responsible; the isolation imposed on the cantons by the massive mountain ranges bred a deep sense of local patriotism which militated against the attraction of the growing States which surrounded them, and they found that they had a common interest in their need to resist oppression. It was, essentially, their concept of liberty which brought them together in their first miniature confederation, and separated them from their German, French and Italian co-nationals on their flanks. And it was this same concept of liberty which, throughout the nearly 700 years of its existence, held the confederation together and enabled it to develop into the small but stable Swiss nation we know today. In other words, patriotism was offered to the canton, or even to the valley, but the sense of cohesion between the cantons grew out of the ideal of liberty. The concept of nationalism was never bound to any form of racial and linguistic purity. When the Tessin chose to belong to the Swiss Con-

federation rather than to the linguistically analogous Lombardy, it adopted the motto "*Liberi e Svizzeri*." "Every good subject," wrote Gottfried Keller, "likes to talk of his king, and our king is liberty; we have none other." When, in 1848, Switzerland was faced with the need to take her place in the modern world, it was to the United States that she turned for a model, and the old, loose, confederation of sovereign cantons was replaced by a federal system which, in certain aspects, bears a striking resemblance to that worked out by the Founding Fathers in Philadelphia. Yet there was the significant difference that Switzerland was no melting pot; its nationalities each held to their own language, their own traditions and their own territories. This must be the case in Europe too as it moves towards some form of union; and, strangely enough, for Europe too it is the concept of liberty which is the real unifying factor. The analogy goes far, and Professor Kohn performs a valuable service in thus drawing our attention not only to its existence but to the lessons which Swiss experience offers to the present day. JOHN H. MACCALLUM SCOTT
Nationalism and Liberty, The Swiss Example. By Hans Kohn. George Allen and Unwin. 13s. 6d.

BLITZKRIEG

The new volume of the Documents on German Foreign Policy covers the time from March to June, 1940, a dynamic period, when the war entered an entirely new phase. The aggressive method of warfare, shown in Poland in September, 1939, had not been familiar long enough for the world to realise that a revolution had taken place. Only the Norwegian campaign and still more the war in the West were convincing proof of the new departure. The German Foreign Ministry had a difficult task in finding the diplomatic support for this new kind of warfare and to furnish at least coherent reasons—there was no possibility of finding convincing ones—for the many "scraps of paper" to which promises and treaties were reduced. Ribbentrop was absent from Berlin and consequently much day by day business devolved upon Weizsacker, who surprisingly quickly adapted himself to the new pistol-point methods of foreign policy, in spite of his pre-1933 training. Hitler himself naturally gave a number of directives and the Foreign Minister, when his name appears at all, was usually conveying the Chancellor's wishes.

The volume begins with the Hitler-Mussolini talk at the Brenner on March 17 when conditions for Italy's entry into the war were discussed. Mussolini promised to come in "when the Allies were so shaken by the German attack that it only needed a second blow to bring them to their knees." Throughout the period Italian prestige was waning rapidly; only rarely did Hitler find it necessary to inform the Duce of the progress of the German armies. During the whole period Russian-German co-operation left little to be desired. The U.S.S.R. in the first seven months of the war supplied Germany with 66.5 million marks-worth of goods, receiving only 5.5 million marks-worth in return. When Molotov was informed of the impending German attack on Denmark and Norway he wished Germany "complete success in her defensive measures." Germany on her part caused no difficulties when Russia, encouraged by the new methods, occupied the Baltic States under the flimsiest pretext. While the tragedies of Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France are re-staged before the reader we are permitted to watch the antics of some of the minor performers, as for instance when we read how desperately Quisling had to fight for due recognition for services rendered, or when the leader of the Danish National Socialists tried hard to become Minister President. Also Mussert, the "leader" of the Dutch National Socialists put in his claims. A piquant note is added by the Kaiser's telegram of congratulations to Hitler after the fall of France. He was eighty-one at the time but his puerility had not diminished. He speaks of "the deeply moving impression of the mighty victory granted by God," of "Wilhelm the Great" and of "the Great King" (Frederick II).

All the time frantic efforts were being made to assure a friendly attitude in the

neutral countries to which, at the time, the United States still belonged. The Ambassador in Argentina discussed in one document the possibility of winning over influential people to participate in a commercial company interested in doing future business with Germany. This would be "practicable, but admittedly costly" as "only really influential persons are worth while and they are proportionately expensive." His request for half a million pesos was granted, but later withdrawn and only cheap bribes (*Nutzlichkeitsgelder*) were permitted. In the United States it was easier; there were always some isolationists ready to support Germany by their opposition to Roosevelt.

The last documents painfully recall the fall of France and the records of the Franco-German armistice discussions are fully printed. When General Huntzinger wished to telephone his Government in Bordeaux during the talks the Germans tactfully withdrew so that he could speak privately, while his conversation was tapped and recorded. Both translation and annotation are of the same high standard as in the previous volumes.

RICHARD BARKELEY

Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-1945, Series D, Volume IX: The War Years. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 35s.

MORE CHURCHILLIAN HISTORY

In *The River War*, published in 1899, the young Winston Churchill took Macaulay as his model in the art of constructing a book. In this second volume of his *History of the English-speaking Peoples*, covering the period from Henry VII's accession to the throne after Bosworth to James II's flight from it in 1688, he follows his own advice. The work is "surveyed as a whole and due proportion and order observed from beginning to end," chronology is still the key to easy narrative, the paragraphs fit together "like the automatic couplings of railway carriages." This period covers the Henrician reformation, the renaissance of Elizabeth's England, expansion overseas, "a great civil war fought on abiding issues of principle," Puritan republics and the restoration of Charles II. It is a canvas large enough even for Sir Winston.

Churchillian history has often been criticised for being too much about Kings and Queens and this volume is primarily the story of the great, their favourites and their rivals. The rulers overshadow the ruled. There are gaps; there is nothing much on social or economic history for example. And this history is basically narrative—not a criticism, for Sir Winston is the chronicler *par excellence*. From the voyages of discovery and Columbus "brooding over his dreamlike maps" down to Monmouth's rebellion short and simple sentences cloak the great episodes of the period with a magic all of his own making. There is, of course, much more than narrative. There are fresh and brilliant summaries of reigns and periods. There is analysis of Tudor local government or a discussion of the puritan theory of Church and State, profound examination of the issues at stake in the civil war or the revolution settlement. The most modern historical research and interpretation has been incorporated. Many experts must have been summoned to give their advice and information. But on this book Sir Winston has impressed his own personality and his great, panoramic sense of history.

Every page has this stamp. An ironic phrase or flashing detail—Cranmer's wife travelling hidden in a luggage chest, Catherine Parr "a serious little widow from the Lake District," the Army Debates at Putney "a brew of hot gospel and cold steel"—transform a familiar picture. How obvious and simple it is—once Sir Winston has said it—that Puritanism in 1603 was "an explosive element lodged in the English church and state which would ultimately destroy both," that under the Marian reaction "the Tudor magnates were willing to go to Mass, but not to lose their property," that Marlborough's "sincerity of purpose and duplicity of method were equal." Sir Winston still has—and gives—rich enjoyment in the ironies of history. He is genial, cynical, allusive. Wolsey's dispatches remind him of

Wellington's and the Rump and Cromwell put him in mind of Napoleon and the Directory. The age old stories and quotations are the very stuff of Churchillian history. If all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare he still continues to govern all Ireland, Drake still sings the King of Spain's beard and Paris is still worth a Mass to Henry of Navarre. Sustained by his magnificent enthusiasm Sir Winston's prose rumbles, unflagging, down the centuries.

He is not an impartial man. He dislikes scheming clerics. For men like Strafford who betrayed his party, and Sir Harry Vane who betrayed Strafford he has no mercy. He despises the vindictive who clamoured for the melancholy reprisals of the Restoration. And he has no love at all for the Puritans "who plunged England into a tyranny at once more irresistible and petty than any seen before or since." Cromwell, the Major Generals ("everywhere spying and prying") and the 'Saints' of the New Model Army come under his lash. He professes to admire the Scots Covenanters "but one must be thankful never to have been brought into contact with one." On the other side, Charles I gave the country "a party and a cause for which any man might die." It is difficult for the historian of seventeenth century England to be a great royalist and a great parliamentarian. But Sir Winston is partial, not biased. He sees triumph, success and the "dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime" in too wide a perspective to allow much unmagnanimous condemnation. His concept of history, always aware of the frailty of men, the transience of power and glory, and the large part chance plays in human affairs, is too Olympian for that. And, as in the first volume of this series, there is here a fundamental core of optimism. Sir Winston writes of the Protectorate:

In harsh and melancholy epochs free men always take comfort from the grand lesson of history, that tyrannies cannot last except among servile races. The years which seem endless to those who endure them are but a flicker of mischance in the journey.

In another harsh and melancholy epoch Sir Winston has not lost his capacity as an historian to inspire.

ROBERT BLACKBURN

A History of the English Speaking Peoples. Vol. II. The New World. By Winston S. Churchill. Cassell. 30s.

THE EDUCATION OF AMPHIBIAN MAN

"Every human being is an amphibian," writes Mr. Huxley, "or, to be more accurate, every human being is five or six amphibians rolled into one." And what a complexity of erudite amphibians is Mr. Huxley! His essays cover irrigation and education, metaphysics and atomic physics, theology and politics, industrial relations, elementary semantics, his own peculiar view of sex, and sixteenth century music; with diversions on Chinese writing, Professor Toynbee and doodles in a dictionary by Toulouse-Lautrec. His gadfly mind flits from paragraph to paragraph, uncovering titbits of esoteric information, propounding pessimistic theories, and destroying one prejudice in order to put another in its place. Yet he never loses sight of his main theme, the education of amphibian man, for Mr. Huxley is essentially a teacher in the grand manner, a veritable emperor among pedagogues. Every essay in the book begs more questions than it answers and leaves the reader battered with erudition, bemused by irrelevancies and, above all, grateful for the mental stimulation the author so generously provides.

He condemns over-verbalization in our educational systems and believes we should attempt "to establish the closest possible working partnership between conscious will and autonomic nervous system and, by so doing, to increase the range of psycho-physical capacity." At present we are taught to see the world exclusively through the "refracting medium of language," an inhibiting approach to the education of man's multiple selves. Riding one of his pet hobby-horses Mr. Huxley emphasizes educational deficiencies resulting from a lack of training in visual

discrimination, selection and appreciation. Professor Renshaw's tachystoscope, an adapted magic lantern, is advocated by Mr. Huxley as an aid to the improvement of seeing. By projecting images on a screen for only a fraction of a second the Professor has had considerable success in the training of vision among American undergraduates.

Mr. Huxley is scornful of the modern emphasis in our schools on learning by doing, irrespective of whether the doing is good doing or bad doing. Many educationists would agree with his strictures for here is another instance of theory running amuck. Nevertheless, his assertion that "the disappointing results of education are attributed to various combinations of subsidiary and superficial causes, never to the fundamental cause of causes—improper use and loss of the natural standard of psycho-physical health," is only half an answer, though its validity is unquestionable. With a typical shrug of the shoulders Mr. Huxley ends his essay thus: "It is always possible that the disintegrative effects of the kind of civilization under which our technology compels us to live, may completely cancel out the constructive effects of even the best and completest system of formal education. Time alone will show. Meanwhile, we can only hope for the best."

His capacity for exciting enthusiasm is demonstrated in an essay on Carlo Gesualdo, the Italian composer, a contemporary of Shakespeare, whose music he describes as, "so strange, and in its strangeness, so beautiful that it haunts the memory and fires the imagination." For one reader at least, whose musical education is sketchy in the extreme, Mr. Huxley has opened a door to a new experience. What more can one ask of a teacher? On the degeneration of the cult of the Great Mother in the West, as demonstrated by the commercial horrors of Mother's Day in the United States, he is interesting, provocative, but not very convincing. In order to cope with the "mysteries of experience" do we need to revive the cosmic symbol of the Great Mother? And is the principle of sex control as practised by the Oneida community, as practicable a solution to over-population as Mr. Huxley would have us believe? He is, in turn, exasperating and delightful, but always he fills perfectly the role of a great teacher: he makes us think, and think constructively.

B. EVAN OWEN

Adonis and the Alphabet. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 18s.

WISDOM, ANCIENT AND MODERN

These books raise the question how far the validity of ancient religious beliefs and practices, which still have a wide-spread influence in the world today, remains unshaken by advances in logic and science. Steiner might perhaps be regarded as a modern thinker, but his work is essentially a revival and restatement of pre-Christian beliefs, especially those associated with occultism and a belief in a super-sensible world. His *The Redemption of Thinking*, indeed, (strangely enough, it might seem) is in large part a defence of Thomism, yet it is not difficult to understand why Aquinas should have an attraction for Steiner. Thomist philosophy, as stated, for example, by Maritain, holds that reason itself (by which is meant logic, not empirical science) can achieve a perfect knowledge of reality, and Steiner's "spiritual science" is similarly founded on the faith that reason, through contemplation and inner discipline, can achieve a certain knowledge of the spiritual world. Modern logic and science reject this claim. Science is based on the assumption that the world must be known through observation and experiment accompanied by a process of empirical testing and verification. Mere logic or formal reasoning, Wittgenstein and many others have told us, can tell us nothing about the world; all it can do is to deal with the internal relations of systems of symbols, with the implications of what is assumed. Whether or not it is true (I believe it is) that reason, or "spiritual science," as practised by Steiner and the neo-Thomists, can tell us nothing about the world, Steiner says little or nothing to me, and I feel that, in reading him, I am

lost in a maze of words.

Steiner applies the name 'science' to the occult knowledge with which he is concerned as are the Yogi or holy men of Pearce Gervis' *Naked they pray*. But can scientific knowledge, in any significant meaning of that term, be discovered by other methods than those by which Western science has in fact transformed the world, the methods of empirical verification? Gurdieff, as in his speculations recorded in Ouspensky's *The Quest of the Miraculous*, gives an elaborate account of the forms of life on the various planets, but what value can such speculations have without any empirical means of verifying them? The Yogi, similarly, give us detailed descriptions of certain processes supposed to take place within the human body. A Yogi told Mr. Gervis about Kandilini, a mysterious force contained within the body, lying like a sleeping serpent in three and a half coils in a cavity close to the base of the spine with its head blocking a channel known as the Tushumna and running straight up the spine to the crown of the head. But we shall find nothing about the Kandilini or its equivalent in any Western text-books of physiology nor indeed about the other physical processes described to Mr. Gervis by Indian holy men. Until Western scientific methods are applied to the physical teachings of the Yogi, it is impossible to separate superstition and baseless speculation from genuine knowledge. It would certainly seem highly desirable that there should be an investigation by Western methods into the claims made by the Yogi for the immense therapeutic value of the asanas, the postures which they practise and teach.

Contemplation as practised by the Yogi, we are told, produces "one-pointedness," a capacity to concentrate the energies of the soul, to discover within it a power which can control it and unite it with the Divine Being of which the individual soul is a part. But it seems an immense misfortune that this concentrated spiritual energy should be consumed in contemplation and not directed outwardly as to the cure of the appalling poverty and social evils of India. If men like Pandit Nehru can bring about a fusion of the Eastern wisdom based on withdrawal with the spirit of Western science, it cannot but bring vast benefits to the East, including the sweeping away of a vast body of ignorance and superstition as well as of misery.

I have referred to my reasons for rejecting the grounds on which Jacques Maritain has defended his Catholic faith and philosophy with the help of the logic of Aquinas. But if Jacques Maritain's metaphysics is based on what I should regard as a discredited logic, his social and political teaching, as illustrated in the volume with which I am here concerned, is certainly in the van of progress. He has been actively co-operating, as through UNESCO, with such non-Christian thinkers as Bertrand Russell and Karl Jaspers, on the basis of what he calls "common practical convictions," such as the belief in fraternal love, the service of truth and the dignity of the human person with the rights that it implies, with the object of helping to create an ordered world society founded on freedom, a society which is pluralist and personalist, concerned not only with social order and justice but with the guaranteeing of the rights of persons and the maximum autonomy of cultural and industrial associations. Jacques Maritain's social teaching, if it has roots in ancient wisdom, is also, much more than that of Steiner or of the Yogi, essentially modern and progressive.

J. B. COATES

Naked They Pray. By Pearce Gervis. Cassell. 25s.

The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain: selected readings. Bles. 25s.

The Redemption of Thinking. By Rudolf Steiner. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

PERFECTING THE LAW

For many years, Mr. Edward Iwi has kept a watchful and reforming eye upon gaps and inconsistencies in our constitutional practice. Now in his fascinating miscellany he discusses many of these problems and also tells the stories of his numerous campaigns, often started by a letter to *The Times*. With his erudite and detailed knowledge of constitutional practice, he has had a particular flair for finding

little known flaws in practice or procedure which might lead, in emergency, to grave consequences. For example before the Christmas recess in 1938, he drew attention successfully to an omission in the House of Commons procedure which in certain circumstances would prevent the House from being recalled in an emergency before the adjourned date, in the event of the Speaker's disability. Discussing the effect of Dissolution, the author points out that "once a Parliament is dissolved, the Sovereign has no power either to recall that Parliament or to accelerate the date of the General Election." In 1943, Mr. Iwi refuted a popular impression that Princess Elizabeth, as heir presumptive, became of full age at eighteen. In the result the Regency Act 1943 was passed to make her a Counsellor of State while under twenty-one.

He refers to some remarkable anomalies in the Established Church. For example, although a bastard, after dispensation, may be ordained to the priesthood he "can never rise to become a Bishop." Again, a Nonconformist Prime Minister by his recommendation to the Crown can appoint Bishops and Deans; if he is a Jew or Roman Catholic the patronage vests in the Archbishop of Canterbury. Presumably the privilege of the Nonconformist is partly justified by his representing also the Protestant tradition.

Inevitably there are topics upon which the author's views will be challenged, including his opinion that the Parliament Act, 1911, has removed the right of the Crown to create sufficient peers to force a measure through the Lords without delay. He challenges Dicey's theory of the sovereignty of Parliament. It is quite true that the effect of the Treaty of Union with Scotland, together with the limited powers of the old Scottish Parliament, may well have restricted the ultimate authority of the United Kingdom Parliament over Scottish affairs, as the Court of Session has recently indicated. On the other hand, Mr. Iwi is on much weaker ground theoretically when he deals with the Statute of Westminster and the Ireland Act, 1949. He has some useful contributions on delegated legislation, administrative tribunals and Crown Privilege. As to the last, he would appear to support the recent proposals of the Bar Council, to give the Crown unfettered privilege in cases of national security but in other cases to leave the issue for determination by the Court. This is a book, written in simple non-technical language, which should have a wide appeal among all who share an interest in constitutional practice.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

Laws and Flaws. By Edward Iwi. Odhams Press. 21s.

EDUCATION

Amid the educational controversy of the last quarter of a century it is easy to lose sight of what the pioneers achieved. 'New' measures and 'new' concepts are propounded by ambitious politicians but are frequently found to have been far more calmly and more intelligibly set out many ages earlier. Plato and Aristotle present startling revelations to those who would pose as discoverers in the twentieth century, and the theories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are even more often dressed up as novelties by their plagiarists. Dr. Pollard, in a commendably accurate study, pays tribute to the authors of great experiments between the years 1760 and 1850, whose principles have been freely quoted and copied since that time with insufficient acknowledgment of their sources. One of his subjects, Pestalozzi, can hardly claim to suffer from this; but others, such as de Fellenberg, are not nearly so well known to experts, quite apart from the general public, as they deserve to be. The short chapter on de Fellenberg is indeed a masterly one, bringing that original and many-sided man to life in a vivid manner. His father's estate of Hofwyl, near Berne, which he inherited shortly after he settled there in 1799, proved the background of an outstanding experiment in education-cum-agriculture-cum-nature-school, of which perhaps Dartington Hall in Devonshire is a later disciple. De Fellenberg

vowed that "born as he was of the aristocracy of Switzerland he would place every distinction of rank upon the altar of his country and embrace a profession despised and neglected of men; that he would turn schoolmaster, a somewhat bold resolve when one considers the general contempt in which that important office is held." Here is a striking commentary, from a civilised and liberal land, of the "parity of esteem" with which teaching was regarded, compared with other professions, as recently as 150 years ago, though perhaps some progress had been achieved since the days of Greece and Rome when schoolmasters were for the most part domestic slaves of menial status. De Fellenberg was not only rich, but he was also a man of independent spirit, both as a social benefactor and as a reformer of agricultural methods, analogous to Coke of Holkham. Around his ancient castle rose a population of four hundred people, taking instruction from him in the art of living according to their divers needs. From his example, and from that of Pestalozzi, stemmed the experiments of Wehrli and the Dutch communities and of the early British reformers, of whom Lord Brougham, Lady Noel Byron and Sir James Kaye-Shuttleworth are most fully treated in this survey.

A Design for Democracy is a reprint of the '1919 Report' linked to the problems of the present day through an essay on "The Years Between" by Professor R. D. Waller. The first thought which strikes the reader is the strength of the impulse given to Adult Education by both wars, in the second one particularly by means of the Army educational services directed by Sir Ronald Adam, who writes a preface to this volume. Periods of intense strife and turmoil inevitably engender the rise of constructive as well as destructive ideas, and the shared dangers of war brought to many people a more acute realisation that the benefits of peace (not excluding education) should be more widely available at all levels. Many influences are examined in Professor Waller's essay, including such varied ones as UNESCO and the W.E.A., and Sir Richard Livingstone's contribution, *The Future in Education*, published in 1941. This book makes one appreciate how much social legislation lies between 1919 and the present Welfare State, how intimately the problems of leisure and education are inter-related for an adult in the modern world, and that many of these problems are capable of solution only on an international scale. The world arena makes the field of the '1919 Report' seem in many ways parochial at the present day, and it is now to be hoped that civilisation may rediscover old purposes and find fresh energy in the wider field of the second half of this century.

RUPERT MARTIN

Pioneers of Popular Education. By Hugh M. Pollard. John Murray. 28s.

A Design For Democracy: The 1919 Report. Max Parrish. 15s.

TRAVEL

No wonder the travel-agent at La Paz, the high-lying capital of Bolivia, was not very helpful when a Swiss gentleman, Franz Caspar, said he wished to return to Europe, not by one of the ordinary routes, but more or less in a straight line and by way of the Amazon. Fortunately for us he persisted and, after a long-drawn-out journey in primitive conditions he made contact with the Tupari, a remote tribe, one of whom told him that his father had resented the slanderous tongue of a woman of another tribe who asserted that the Tupari disliked doing any sort of work. So he clubbed her to death, roasted the body and distributed it among his friends. To Caspar the Tupari were much more kindly; although they had then had practically no contact with civilisation, Vaitó, their chieftain, knew that it would be impolite to receive a foreigner without putting on a few clothes; he therefore begged to be excused until he had arrayed himself in a shirt and an old felt hat. So great was the friendship that developed between Caspar and the tribe that he had much difficulty to avoid being presented with a Tupari bride; an older woman started to prepare him for the ceremony by telling him that as his nose was in the middle of his face it followed that his hair should be parted in the middle. . . . And when, after six

years in Europe, Caspar returned to South America he found that civilisation had reached the Tupari, so that two-thirds of them had died of measles while the remainder of the tribe was breaking up.

John Lodwick, the author of the second book, which describes the Rio de Oro, a rather desolate Spanish possession in north-west Africa, encountered the chief-engineer of a costing vessel who told him that once in Tangier he had very nearly married an Englishwoman; but he discovered she had flat feet. The cargo of this ship consisted mainly of beer and goats, who would occasionally be milked, an operation not always conducted by their rightful owners. Lodwick was told, as they passed a lighthouse, that a short time before this the chief keeper, who disliked his wife, had looked on sardonically while his two bachelor aides had fought each other for her with knives. "And now," he was informed, "we, being a race of realists, obey a decree that all three keepers must be married and accompanied by their wives. Variety is the enemy of boredom, and also that of the Sixth Commandment." This part of Africa is often called "The Forbidden Coast" because the Spanish authorities are reluctant to see journalists go there and be less than complimentary. Not even Spaniards are permitted to land at Villa Cisneros, the chief port of that woebegone colony, save with a special document from a Ministry in Spain. But the commandant of the port, although he complained that his sister had not been allowed to enter England (which was a charge he had invented on the spur of the moment) proved that he was *muy caballero* and, instead of compelling our friend to return to his ship, he announced that he might come ashore on account of being afflicted with seasickness (which was also untrue).

As thinly populated as the Rio de Oro is the Mongolian People's Republic, a region that used to be called Outer Mongolia. This account of it by Ivor Montagu is extremely well informed, not only telling us all about the history, but explaining why these worthy people fell, owing to Lamaism, to such depths and how they have now left those sad times far behind them. Even as Henry the Eighth closed the monasteries, so were many Lamaseries proceeded against when in 1938 it was found they had secret stores of arms. And now, this burden on the country removed, progress has swept in; new horizons have opened for the Mongolians and it is delightful to read how in the heart of Asia not only have schools and hospitals sprung up where none had existed, but the traditional sports of horse races, archery and wrestling have been reintroduced. Under the feudal yoke there was corruption everywhere; now it is no longer forbidden to defeat the wrestlers of the great princes and lamas.

HENRY BAERLEIN

Tupari. By Franz Caspar. Bell. 18s. 6d.

The Forbidden Coast. By John Lodwick. Cassell. 21s.

Land of Blue Sky. By Ivor Montagu. Dobson. 25s.

GHOSTAL COMMAND

A large part of the uncivilised world is ruled by ghosts. 'Sir Ghost,' the spirit of the leading ancestor, is the governing power in some Pacific islands. The force of ancestors is the force of history and of the tribe: the dead rule the living. In the so-called civilised world all this has been tidied up. Our religions bow to history and have services for exorcism. Our science has provided a new vocabulary for old beliefs, and we are happy to accept evidence of extra-sensory experiences, telepathy, and various psycho-pathological processes which are happily related to things we cannot explain.

The author of this book does not propose to explain them. He admits that he himself has never seen a ghost. But he wishes that he had, and has spent time, and no doubt money, in pursuing the slot of the Otherworld. He calls it, rather tiresomely, "the Fringe of the Unknown." At the drop of a shroud he has been willing to chase away all over Britain to hear the local stories about the Manor House. He is, perhaps rather charmingly, naïve. Because of this one cannot be unkind

about the evidence, or lack of it. Rappings and tappings he takes in his stride; legends he is open to believe; shrieking skulls he does not mention, but one feels he must long for them. Odd feelings and queer sensations he will readily relate to the mysterious Otherworld. Let us not be censorious. For ghosts there may be indeed: folk legends of the ancient gods, or local irrationalisations of ill-observed phenomena. My own mother, devoted to phantasms and ectoplasms, was forced in truth to reveal that a phenomenon of the churchyard was but an escaped and unhappy hen. I myself have sadly diagnosed a family haunting as the exercise of rats. This does not indeed mean dispute of the supernatural: only its evidence in the terms of the professionally interested, particularly when endorsed by exclamation marks, to underline the sense of something-nasty-in-the-woodshed which might otherwise fail to chill the marrow of the library subscription reader.

All this may sound rather disparaging. It is not intended to be so. Mr. Braddock is obviously sincerely interested and deeply versed in his subject. It is perhaps a pity for him that his sponsors previously published, and then republished, *Haunted England* by Miss Christina Hole. This book took the cream off the spectral market, and the rest is sometimes thin stuff. The best blood is staining other floors, and the best drops from the Thing-from-the-Lake have wetted earlier appetites. You can be serious about ghosts, or anecdotal about them. Mr. Braddock puts up a pretty case for extra-sensory perception, and most people, and the Society for Psychical Research, would agree with him. But his evidences, while new, could be easy targets for the sceptic. Yet he is entitled to his judgments, and his stories will undoubtedly be a source of delicious discomfort to devoted and unsceptical ghostophiles. Many are indeed interesting to anyone and, which is unusual in this genre, new. The book is excellently produced, with good illustrations by Felix Kelly.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

Haunted Houses. By Joseph Braddock. Batsford. 21s.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

True or not, 'good for the brain' has ever been the popular verdict on the produce of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers; beyond dispute they are providing food for the spirit in their portrait of the Queen. Fortunately, what with the Royal Academy and the present exhibition, there has been little opportunity to confine the painting to their own historic Hall, and long may it go the rounds! Because of it, the haddock, hake and herring have taken on allure. Somebody, however, ought to scold the otherwise good postcard copies on sale at Burlington House, from which the little fisherman in the boat is banished; this delicate compliment to the Worshipful Company is also the very personal signature of Pietro Annigoni, whose every square foot of work is precious. For, in a time when so many artists fail to satisfy and apparently enjoy frustrating us, we the ordinary public are filled with gratitude to the traditionalist in this man, to the lover of classical grace, no less than to the master of faultless technique.

Realism in paint

In the words of Charles Richard Cammell writing the *MEMOIRS OF ANNIGONI* (*Allan Wingate*. 16s.), like the Florentines during his 1934 show, we find in him "that truth to nature, that beauty and romance, which is their [and our] Tuscan heritage." He was fortunate, Mr. Cammell recalls, to meet Lokoff the Russian who, specialising in the methods of the old masters and particularly with their use of colour, imparted his secrets of oil tempera to the young Pietro, whose paintings put on "the power and surety of vision" which had already distinguished his astonishing drawings. We knew from the 1949 self-portrait in London that here was no fumbler, no toady to current critic or style, nobody in fear of anything but his own highest standards. We saw a sturdy, unselfconscious recognition of "everything he had made, and, behold, it was very good." And thankfully we recognised it too. Now, whether it be a

Descent from the Cross, a Juanita Forbes, an Old Garden, a Dame Margot Fonteyn, a pen-and-ink miracle of Bernard Berenson, or the shadowy hills of a landscape (all of them and more reproduced in this book) the thralldom holds. Naturally gossip about the background of this genius has been abundant, and in allowing his friend—not for nothing the former Associate Editor of *The Connoisseur*—to recount the facts he has not allayed the conjectures. Readers learn of his robustness in thought, speech and action, of his philosophy and purpose, of his physical and mental stamina, and of the heredity that made his emergence as an artist probable if not inevitable. And his professional associates, his youthful pranks and his home life as boy and man have their place, and should, but do not, round the picture. Perhaps the memoirs, commendably conscientious, yet have the effect of being too literal a translation. Then Mr. Cammell deals in superlatives—and who can blame him?—and capital letters, which are redundant to admirers and will irritate the waverers. And his sentences demand pruning, for his critics "sneer superciliously," his hero impresses "by the chiaroscuro of his personality with its strong contrasts of light and shadow," and the dialogue ("I had not the least idea of what he was talking" says Signor Annigoni, of a man who "beside himself with rage" was threatening to kill) has surely an uncharacteristic stiffness. These, though, are but the splutters which afflict us all when confronted by incredible achievement and the necessity of imparting the revelation. Someday Signor Annigoni's facility in French may be equalled in his English autobiography; meanwhile, the fearlessness of Mr. Cammell's discipleship and message will be lasting encouragement to the timid practitioners who are enslaved by a few strident arbiters. Just so, his book will be balm to laymen who are intelligent enough, for example, to appreciate the superb quality and validity of the earlier Picasso and to be

stupefied and hurt by a period wherein he seems to be imitating his worst imitators.

Enduring Israel

And this too in one who knows the pains of exile. Of the economic value of the great band who have so enriched the culture of the lands of their adoption. Israel Cohen gave a summary in the *Contemporary Review* twelve years ago, showing in particular "that the capital, skill, knowledge of patent processes, and information about the export trade to oversea countries which they had brought with them, and the hundreds of factories in a variety of industries that they had established, had provided work and food for several thousand British unemployed." Himself the son of parents from Russian Poland, who realised that living conditions were better in Manchester (where he was born) than they were "at home," he has a long and vivid journey to record in *A JEWISH PILGRIMAGE* (Valentine, Mitchell, 21s.). For the religious fervour of his childhood surroundings where "if the frequency and volume of prayer should have ensured perfect happiness" he was "entitled to it in bountiful measure," for his student days at Jews' College in London, for his early adventures in journalism, his service in the cause of Zionism, his internment and imprisonment while on holiday in Germany as the 1914-1918 war began, he employs a retentive and capacious memory. On his release and readjustment to life in Hampstead, on his return to the secretariat of the World Zionist Organisation, on missions to Poland and Australasia, on travels and politics and personalities, on congresses and crises, he has wise and lively comments. As he comes to the prelude to calamity in Spain in the 1930's, to the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim who worshipped separately but mixed socially in Portugal, to the darkness of 1939, to the cavalcade of visitors at Zionist headquarters, to pre-war retirement and post-war events (including a seventieth birthday in hospital), to the resumption of activities that include more book-writing and a

visit to Barcelona, he sees the clearer the dream of Messianic salvation, "peace and security from all kinds of hostility." While deploring the present lack his autobiography is not without hope for Jewry and the world, and its lessons are a warning and an inspiration to both.

The Hitler butchery

A like claim may be made for *THEY FOUND REFUGE* (Cresset Press, 18s.), Norman Bentwich's account of British Jewry's work for victims of Nazi oppression. As Viscount Samuel's Introduction says of the rehabilitation of these thousands: "It is a poignant story; but consoling also as a tale of devoted human service." For the way in which the tragedy was faced "vindicated in some degree the human character, which had been so deeply injured and disgraced." The need was frighteningly continuous, until the culmination of the brutality of the Germans, ever since the foundation of the Board of Deputies of British Jews in 1760. Professor Bentwich describes the rallying to the problem of dealing with half a million Jews in 1933. For the intellectual circles a special body of distinguished people was formed, marshalled by Lord Beveridge, with only one Jew in it. Lord Gorell, as chairman of the Refugee Children's Movement contributes a heartening chapter on the salvation of 9,000 of them from death and degradation. Among the new Jewish citizens of the Commonwealth there are research scholars, doctors, artists, musicians and actors. Says Professor Bentwich: "Already among the scientists over thirty have become Fellows of the Royal Society"—one of the rewards indeed for British loyalty to the tradition of the sacred refuge for mankind.

A fearless campaigner for Britain's own underdogs has been for the second time in recent months the subject of long and careful biography. *KEIR HARDIE* (Allen & Unwin, 15s.) is by Emrys Hughes, his son-in-law and inheritor in the ranks of Labour.

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